BRADBURY'S

FRESH LAURELS,

FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL.

A NEW AND EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF MUSIC AND HYMNS.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS, ETC.

By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN CHAIN," "GOLDEN SHOWER," "GOLDEN CENSER," "GOLDEN TRIO," ETC.

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."—50th Psalm, 23d Verse.

New York and Chicago:

Published by BIGLOW & MAIN, (Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY,)

425 BROOME ST., NEW YORK, 726 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

AND FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS GENERALLY.

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Union Square
Pa.

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PREFACE.

A YEAR ago it was thought by the intimate friends of the author of this work that his last earthly song was sung, and that nothing more for Sabbath-schools would emanate from his pen. But, thanks to the Giver of all mercies for partial restoration to health, he is once more permitted to present to his Sabbath-school friends a new book full of new and fresh melodies—melodies, many of which have during the past year of affliction gushed forth from a heart, moaning under the chastising rod of a loving Father. Yet it has been a source of unspeakable comfort to be able still to "sing praises to His holy name," and to say with the Psalmist, "I will bless the Lord at *all* times." And though the *voice* of the author of these songs of praise is silent, he has the satisfaction of knowing that multitudes of other and sweeter voices will take them up and echo them throughout the land.

If through such instrumentalities and such discipline he may be permitted to praise and honor the Master, and be the means of bringing one dear lamb to His fold, he will "rejoice even in tribulation," and still try to say, "Thy will be done."

The attention of superintendents and leaders of the singing is called to two or three points,—*features* of the present work.

1st.—The spiritual or evangelical feature. Believing in the early conversion of Children to Christ, we have tried to put such songs in their mouths (hoping to fasten them upon their hearts,) as shall lead them directly to their loving Saviour. Earnest and devout prayers to Jesus "the Children's Saviour," as well as joyful acclamations of praise are freely interspersed throughout the work. The hymns, a large proportion of which, have been written expressly for this work, are, if we mistake not, more direct, practical and pointed; in short, more to the purpose of the one great end to be accomplished by Sabbath-school instruction than in any former work of our own preparation at least.

2d.—The Music. While the hymn is the text, containing often the essence of the Gospel that we wish to fasten upon the mind of the child, much depends upon the manner and medium through which such text is presented. How many of us have heard a beautiful hymn so miserably read as to lose all its beauty and attractiveness. How much worse then must it be to set a sprightly life-like "whole souled" hymn to a dull, low, stiff, slow, tame and *sleepy* tune; and how often this is done we need not remind our readers. The tune, when adapted to the hymn, should be so attractive, so musical, as to win the love of the child. Then, when thoroughly learned, it is never forgotten. Thus, through the medium of the tune, the hymn will be stereotyped upon the memory.

While we advocate the use of these children's new melodies, far be it from us to object to their learning the standard tunes of the Church; on the other hand, so important do we consider this, that we have inserted a large number of them in "FRESH LAURELS;" but what we wish particularly to impress upon the minds of Sunday-school friends, is the fact, that in order to keep up the interest in the school, *new music*, and GOOD music, suited to the tastes and adapted to the capacities of the children, must be frequently introduced.

3d.—Variety. While hymns of general worship, hymns that can be used on all occasions, are, as they always should be, in the majority, every known department of special or occasional interest, such as Anniversaries, Christmas Festivals, Pic-nics, Temperance Gatherings, Celebrations, Deaths, Revivals, &c., have been amply provided for.

4th and lastly.—Is the music too difficult? We assure you it is not. There is such a great variety of pieces so easy and simple, "that he who runs may read," that no fault will be found on this score; while, at the same time, we have inserted a number of a higher musical order than is usually introduced into Sabbath-schools, all of which, however, are within the power of ordinary Sabbath-school children to learn, and the study of which, in addition to the regular practice, will be exceedingly interesting and beneficial. Such pieces will gradually introduce them to the regular songs of the Church.

With these familiar thoughts, we commend to you this latest, and, we hope, *best* of our Sabbath-school Music Books. We have tried so to prepare it that, should it prove our last, we should not, in our closing hours, wish a single piece had been omitted.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1867.

WARREN, Music Stereotyper 42 Centre N.Y.

Fresh Laurels for the Sunday School.

WORDS BY FANNY CROSBY.

1st and 2d SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

1. Laurels, FRESH LAUREL for the Sunday School we bring, They will bloom in fadeless verdure Thro' a calm e - ter - nal spring; Then glad - ly hail with a pure delight, Oh, hail our beau - ti - ful wreath so bright; Lau - rels, FRESH LAUREL for the Sun - day School, for the Sunday School, Laurels, FRESH LAUREL for the Sunday School we bring.

2 ‖: Laurels, "Fresh Laurels" for the Sunday School to wear, :‖
All may win the precious garland,
All the flaming crown may wear:
The smile of hope and the dew of prayer,
Has made this beautiful wreath so fair.
‖: Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," ‖:for the Sunday School:‖ to wear.

3 ‖: Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," then awake the song anew, :‖
They will make you good and gentle,
You will love and praise them too;
Oh, meet in heaven the heart so true,
That twined this beautiful wreath for you.
‖: Laurels, "Fresh Laurels," ‖: then awake the song :‖ anew

Words by R. P. Clark.

THE CHILDREN'S SAVIOUR.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus is our loving Sa - viour, He, our best, our constant friend; In his service life is pleasure, For he loveth to the end. Lov - ing Saviour, Loving Saviour, Here we at thy footstool bend, Here we at thy foot - stool bend.

Ritard.

2 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
'Twas for them he shed his blood;
Died, that poor and needy sinners
Might be reconciled to God.
Dying Saviour!
Bearing thus our sinful load.

3 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," he says, "to come,"
If they seek his face and favor,
They shall share his Heavenly Home,
Risen Saviour!
Never more from thee to roam.

4 Loving, Suffering, Dying Saviour!
Risen, *Glorious* on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown.
And the kingdoms
Of the earth, to Thee belong.

RESTING BY AND BY.

WORDS BY REV. SIDNEY DYER. R. LOWRY.

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. iv. 11.

1st.

1. When faint and weary toil - ing, The sweat-drops on my brow, I long to rest for la - bor, To drop the burden now—
There comes a gentle chiding To quell each mourning sigh: "Work [*Omit*.....

2. This life to toil is giv - en, And he improves it best Who seeks by patient la - bor To en - ter in - to rest;
Then, pilgrim, worn and wea-ry, Press on, the goal is nigh; The [*Omit*.....

2d.

CHORUS.

while the day is shin-ing, There's resting by and by." Resting by and by, There's resting by and by; We
prize is straight before thee, There's resting by and by.

shall not always la - bor, We shall not always cry; The end is drawing near - er, The end for which we sigh; We'll

lay our heavy burdens down, There's resting by and by.

3.

Nor ask when overburdened,
You long for friendly aid,
"Why idle stands my brother,
No yoke upon him laid?"
The Master bids him tarry;
And dare you ask him why?
"Go labor in my vineyard,
There's resting by and by.

4.

Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain,
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings you eternal gain;
Then bear the cross with pa-
To fields of duty hie. [tience,
'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
There's resting by and by

Words WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

ENDURING REST.

"There remaineth therefore a REST to the people of God."

1 O why should I falter, or why should I fear, Though heavy the cross and temptation se-vere, What-

ev - er my tri- als or conflicts may be, I'll think of the promise recorded for me, I'll think of the promise re-

p *cres*

cord- ed for me, Rest, rest, en - dur- ing rest, In the bright green Isles of the pure and blest, There the

f *p* *Ritard.*

soul looks out on the smiling plains, There a rest for the people of God remains, Rest, rest, enduring rest.

2 Though long is the journey, and rugged the way,
In storm and in tempest, my spirit can say,
I love the sweet promise of Jesus divine.
That tells me where comfort will ever be mine. *Cho.*

3 Though deepest affliction may wring from my heart,
The tear that in silence, unbidden will start,
Believing that promise, by faith I can say,
I know where all sorrow will vanish away. *Cho.*

4 At sunset, when watching the rose-tinted skies,
My soul to the voice of the twilight replies;
I know of a country all teeming with light,
Where falls not a shadow of darkness or night. *Cho.*

AROUND THE THRONE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Joyfully.

1. (A-round the throne of God in heaven Ten thousand children stand,
Children whose sins are all for-given, A ho - ly, hap-py band,) Singing glo - ry, glo - ry,

Glo - ry, ho-nor, praise and power, Be un- to the Lamb forever. Praise him, Praise him, Praise ye the Lord

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair;
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?
Cho.—Singing glory, etc.

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away our sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean;
Cho.—Singing glory, etc.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Cho.—Singing glory, etc.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

1. Ah yes! there's a fair-er zone, Where sin and sorrow are unknown; Where weary souls find peaceful rest, And

CHORUS.

all that love the Lord are blest. 'Tis just across the riv - er. The nar-row, nar-row riv - er, 'Tis

just a - cross the riv - er Up - on the oth - er shore; And there up- on the oth - er shore We

hope to meet to part no more, And dwell with God for- ev - er, And dwell with God for-ev - er.

2 Ah yes! there's a purer clime,
Beyond the clouds that darken Time;
A world of perfect joy and love,
Where saints and angels live above.
CHO.—'Tis just across the river, etc.

3 Then gird up our loins and go,
Forsaking all things here below;
No earthly pleasure can compare,
With bliss we may in heaven share.
CHO.—'Tis just across the river, etc.

BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS.

Words by V. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Beau-ti - ful mansions, Home of the blest, Land where the faithful Ev - er shall rest;
There is my treasure, There shall I be, Lord I am wea- ry, Lead me to thee.

1. Here in a des- ert Cheerless I roam. La - den with sor-row, Far from my home;
Clouds on my pathway Dark - ly I see, Lord I am wea- ry, Lead me to thee.

CHORUS.

Saviour be near me, Thy gentle voice can cheer me, O Je - sus my Saviour, Lead me to thee.

3 Thou wilt not leave me, Comfortless here,
Why should I doubt thee, What do I fear;
Light in the distance, Breaking I see,
Yet I am weary, lead me to thee.
CHO.—Saviour be near me, etc.

4 Jesus I love thee, Dwell in my heart,
Never, O never, From me depart,
Hope like a rainbow, Shining I see,
Yet I am weary, Lead me to thee,
CHO.—Saviour be near me, etc.

EVENING SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 'Tis sweet to think, as night comes on, Dark and drear, Dark and drear,
Ere "stars come twinkling one by one" Earth to cheer, Earth to cheer, } There is a world where comes no night,
2 'Tis sweet to think when round us lie, Grief and care, Grief and care,
Our Jesus hears the softest sigh, Breath'd in pray'r, Breath'd in pray'r, } And if we love him, we shall see

It needs no sun or moon to light, For Jesus' presence makes it bright—No night there, no night there.
That "land from sin and sorrow free," And, oh! we know that there will be No tears there, no tears there.

THE LOVE OF JESUS. L. M.

1. I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul, My nature is by sin defiled,
And makes the wounded spirit whole; Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good,
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by tho't or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong,
If I repent he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Altho' so young a gracious heart,
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

THE BREAKING DAY.

WORDS BY KELLY. MISSIONARY.

1. Yes! we trust the day is breaking, Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking By His word in ev-'ry land;
When he chooses,—Darkness flies at his command, When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command.

2 With the voice of joy and singing
Let us hail the dawning ray;
Lo! the blessed day-star, bringing
O'er the earth a glorious day:
At his rising,
Gloom and darkness flee away.

ALETTA. 7s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee,
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See, upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace

KING IMMANUEL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. This life is a war-fare—a war-fare with sin, With Sa-tan and his an-gels, and all their wicked train, And he who would a soldier be to bat-tle for the Lord, Must buckle on the ar-mor, the spir-it, and the word.

CHORUS.

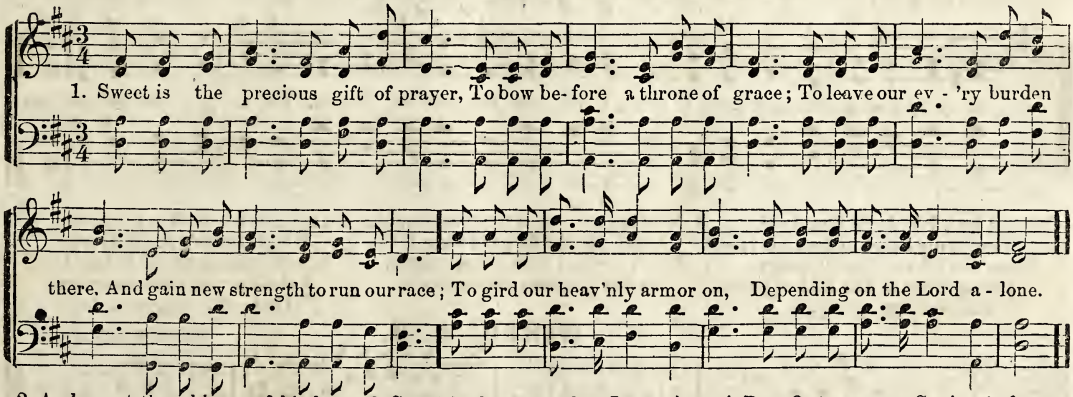
I will fight un-der the banner of King Imman-u-el, I will fight under the banner of King Im-man-u-el, Oh, it is my choice and I now re joice, To fight under the banner of King Imman-u-el.

2 This life is a warfare, but why should we fear,
The Saviour is our Captain, and he is ever near;
And if we trust his mighty arm and in his strength repose,
Through him our great commander, we'll conquer all our foes. *Cho.*

3 This life is a warfare, then boldly we'll stand
Against the cruel tempter and all his traitor band;
Unfurl the standard of the cross, we'll never, never yield,
Salvation is our helmet, the Bible is our shield. *Cho.*

4 This life is a warfare, but soon 'twill be o'er,
And then a crown awaits us where trials are no more;
And there with all the ransom'd host, in that bright world above,
We'll gather round our Saviour and sing redeeming love. *Cho.*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.



2 And sweet the whisper of his love,
When conscience sinks beneath its load,
That bids our guilty fears remove,
And points to Christ's atoning blood.
Oh then 'tis sweet indeed to know
God can be just and gracious too.

3 Sweet is the peace that Jesus gives
When all around is dressed in gloom;
'Tis sweet to know the Saviour lives
When friends are hurried to the tomb,
And those we love are snatched away
Like flowers that wither in a day.

4 But, O, to see our Saviour's face,
From sin and sorrow to be freed,
To dwell in his divine embrace—
This will be sweeter far indeed!
The fairest form of earthly bliss
Is less than nought, compared with this.

I'M A PILGRIM GOING HOME. 8s & 7s. "Praises of Jesus," by per.

CHORUS.

1. (Christians, I am on my journey! Ere I reach the narrow sea,
I would tell the wondrous sto - ry, What the Lord has done for me.) Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le-

lu - jah, Tho' a stranger here I roam, I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pilgrim going home.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to His fold of grace.
CHO.—Glory, glory, &c.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
Sings aloud His pard'ning love;
Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
To the pilgrims home above.

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour,
When the day of life is o'er;
I shall cast my crown before Him,
I shall praise Him evermore.
CHO.—Glory, glory, &c.

WIRTH. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet and heavenly is the sight, When those that fear the Lord In one another's peace delight. And thus fulfill his word

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;

3 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,
And union sweet, with fond esteem,
In every action glows!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom filled with love.

THE BEAUTIFUL TREE OF LIFE.

WORDS BY L. W.

mp

1. On a hill stands a beauti-ful tree, Its fruit is all golden and fair,
And its shade and its treasures are free, For all who may thither repair,
Its leaves, ever green, do not die, Its

cres. *f*

flowers with fragrance abound, Its splendor enraptures the eye, Its branches with music resound. Its

branches with music resound.

2 Tho' thousands by night and by day
Have feasted and gathered in store,
Have borne its rich bounties away
Its fullness remains evermore.
O, what is its name? who can tell?
And the hill where, O, where can it be?
By thy side I will haste me to dwell,
O wonderful—beautiful tree.

3 On Zion's fair mount you behold
Its form in bright grandeur arise,
There glitter its green and its gold,
There lifts its tall head to the skies.
'Twas planted by Infinite love,
From the hills everlasting it came,
TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above;
But, BIBLE, on earth, is its name.

PRAY FOR ONE ANOTHER.

1. { Let us pray for one an-oth-er, (Let us pray, let us pray,) Let us pray for one an-oth-er, When we
{ For a sis-ter or a brother, (Let us pray, let us pray,) For a sis-ter or a brother, Let us

kneel be-fore the throne, }
make their cause our own. } Let us not for-get to cherish Tender thoughts for all be-low, And to

pray that none may perish, But the way of life may know, Let us pray, Let us pray, Christians let us pray.

2 Let us not forget the dear ones,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Let us not forget the dear ones,
Who surround the fireside hearth;
They can make the humblest cottage,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
They can make the humblest cottage
Just the dearest spot on earth,
We must pray that to the Saviour
They may all united be,
And may live in heaven forever
An unbroken family.
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Christians, let us pray.

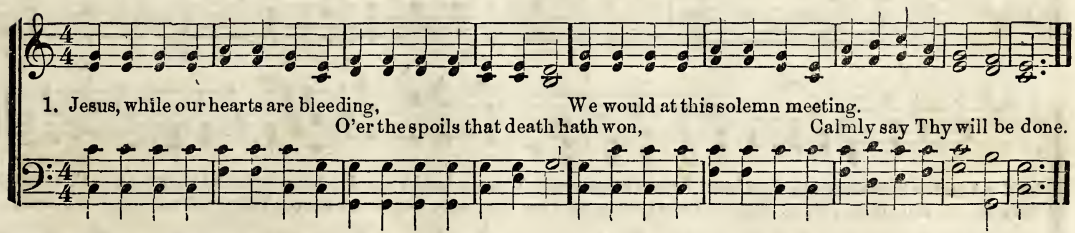
3 Let us not forget the heathen,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Let us not forget the heathen,
In their dark and distant lands;
They are waiting for the dawning,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
They are waiting for the dawning,
Stretching forth their helpless hands;
If we cannot go to teach them,
And the blessed gospel bear,
We can send the precious Bible,
We can cheer their hearts with prayer
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Christians, let us pray.

4 Let us pray for all the children,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Let us pray for all the children,
Yes, the weakest of them all;
While their youthful hearts are tender,
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
While their youthful hearts are tender,
May they heed the Saviour's call;
That their footsteps early guarded,
In the way of love and truth,
They may seek and find their Saviour,
In the pleasant days of youth.
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Christians, let us pray.

5 When our praying days are over,
(We shall sing—we shall sing,)
When our praying days are over,
We shall sing the "new made song;"
We shall dwell with Christ forever,
(We shall sing—we shall sing,)
We shall dwell with Christ forever,
And the bright angelic throng;
Then, in every hour of trial,
When we feel our hopes decay,
Let us look straight up to Jesus,
He will hear us when we pray.
(Let us pray—let us pray,)
Christians, let us pray.

THY WILL BE DONE. 8s & 7s.

DEATH OF A TEACHER OR SCHOLAR.



2 Though, cast down we're not forsaken,
Though, afflicted, not alone
Thou didst give and thou hast taken,
Blessed Lord—Thy will be done.

3 Though, to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—Thy will be done.

4 By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore—Thy will be done.

"YOUR MISSION."

WORDS BY MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

1. If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows Laughing
2. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high; You can stand with-in the valley, While the

at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet with-in the bay, You can
mul-ti-tudes go by; You can chant in hap-py measure, As they slow-ly pass a-long, Tho' they

lend a hand to help them. As they launch their boats away, You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats [away,
may forget the singer, They will not forget the song, Tho' they may forget the singer, They will not forget the song

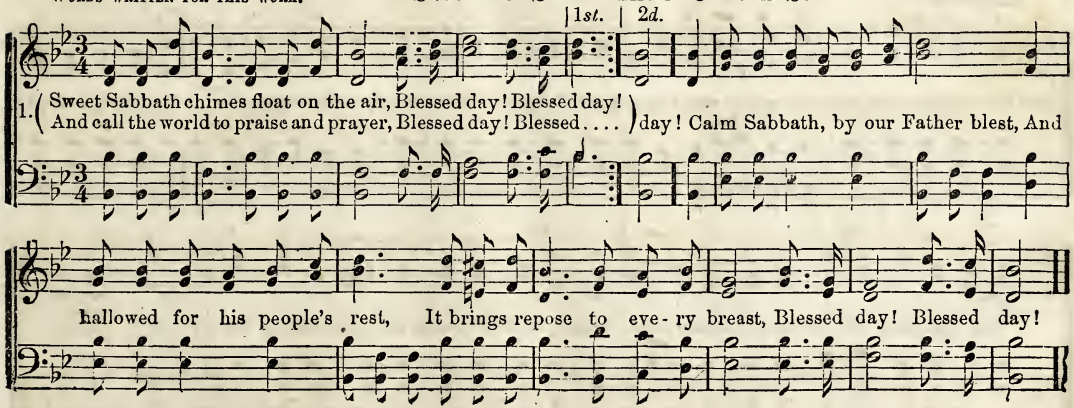
3 If, you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot t'wards the needy,
Reach an ever open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
||:You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.:||

4 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
||:You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.:||

5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
||:If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.:||

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

SWEET SABBATH CHIMES.



2 To-day our dear Redeemer rose.
Blessed day! Blessed day!
And triumphed over all his foes.
Blessed day! Blessed day!
While each adores our God and King,
The heavenly portals sweetly ring,
While angel choirs with rapture sing,
Blessed day! Blessed day!

3 Beyond the vail a rest remains.
Blessed day! Blessed day
A rest from sorrow, toil, and pains.
Blessed day! Blessed day!
The happy christian free from care,
When anchor'd in that region fair,
Shall sing through countless ages there,
Blessed day! Blessed day!

Words by C.

WANDERER.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 (Je - sus, I come to thee, a wand'rer, a wand'rer, A stranger from my Father's house I would no longer be
Je - sus, I plead with thee a wand'rer, a wand'rer. O wash me in thy cleansing blood, And set my spirit free.)

CHORUS.

Now blessed Saviour, take thy weary wand'ring child, Keep me, O keep me from the tempest wild; My lonely heart by

sin oppress'd Would lose its burden on thy breast, And find a calm and peaceful rest For-ev - er there.

2 Jesus the living way, O save me, O save me;
O lead me to the precious fold,
And let me never stray;
O let me hear thy voice, my Father, dear Father,
In gentle tones my pardon speak,
And bid my soul rejoice. *Cho.*

3 Jesus, the way is bright before me, before me,
My prayer is heard, the clouds are gone,
I see thy glorious light:
Jesus, no more I'll roam a wand'rer, a wand'rer,
My Father holds me in his arms,
And bids me welcome home. *Cho.*

OUR LOST ONE.

1. There's a qui - et val - ley Sheltered by the hills, Where the song-birds ral-ly, Near the sha-ded rills,
2. Smil-ing love-ly creature, Joy - ous as the day, Fair of form and fea - ture, Happy, blithe and gay,

And the tint- ed flow - ers, Fai - ry- like and pure, From their sylvan bow - ers Bal-my zephyrs lure.
Mu-sic's rippling sweetness, Laugh and careless song, From her heart's repleteness Ev - er flowed a - long.

REFRAIN, 1ST TIME *p*, 2D TIME *pp*.

{ There we laid our loved one, our loved one, our loved one, There we laid our loved one In her mossy bed,
{ And the dewy lil - lies, the lil - lies, the lil-lies, And the dew - y lil-lies Crown her peaceful head. }

3 Few the starry summers
O'er her path had shone,
Ere the angels called her
To the far unknown.

Smiles and gleamy brightness
Wreathed that fair young face,
Till its placid whiteness
Told of death's embrace. *Refrain.*

WORDS BY KATE CAMERON.

THE LAND OF EDEN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O E - den Land, thou land of bloom, Beyond the sha-dows of the tomb, Beyond the pain, and grief, and strife, That dim and mar our mor-tal life. O E - den Land, thou land of the blest, Where we a-lone find place and rest, O E - den Land, thou land of the blest, Where we a - lone find place and rest.

2 O Eden Land—bright world of bliss,
More fresh and fair, and pure than this;
O! how our weary spirits long,
To reach that clime of light and song!
Thou Eden Land, at whose close gate
The treasures of our future wait.

3 Thou Eden Land, O! could we grasp
Thy promised blessings in our clasp;
Fain would we loose our hold on earth,
And rise to that immortal birth,
Which shall alone place in our hand
The key to heaven's fair Eden Land.

LOVE FOR JESUS.

WORDS BY V.

Moderate time.

1. I love the name of Jesus, That name the angels sing: And with their loud hosannas, The heavenly portals ring.

To Him my all confiding, In Him my joy complete, I learn with christian meekness My duty at His feet.

REFRAIN.

I love, I love, I love the name of Jesus, The sweetest name, The name, The name the angels sing.

I love, I love, The sweetest name, The name the angels sing

2 I love to think of Jesus,
When all is calm and still;
When pure and holy feelings,
My grateful bosom fill,
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days,
How just are all his counsels,
And true are all his ways.—*Cho.*

3 I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at his throne;
O, may his spirit help me
To live for him alone.
To labor for my Saviour,
My greatest joy shall be;
I know that Jesus loves me
Because he died for me.—*Cho.*

Words by J. P.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

Wm. B. Bradbury

1. March a-long to- geth - er, Ev - er firm and true, Ma-ny eyes are watching, Taking note of you

1st | 2nd

Pleasant winds or foul ones, Cloudy days or bright, Keep to the right, boys, Keep to the right, right,

2 Raise on high your banner,
That its folds may fly,
Like the wing of eagle
Sweeping to the sky.
If you wish to conquer,
Every foe you fight,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

3 Of your heavenly Father,
Strength and courage seek;
Swords are to no purpose,
If the heart be weak!
Every arm endowing
With a warrior's might,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right!

4 *Love* should be your motto,
Duty be your aim;
Ever "overcoming,"
Till a crown you claim;
For a fame undying,
Strive with all your might;
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right!

EARLY SEEKING. 7s.

From Rev. Albert Waldron.

1. Saviour, thou art ever near, And I plead thy promise kind,
Thou my humble prayer wilt hear; "Early seek, and ye shall find."

2 I am vile and full of sin,
Jesus, make me pure within;
Lead me to the heavenly flood,
Wash me in Thy precious blood.

3 Lord, I want to be Thy child,
Make me gentle, meek and mild;
I would pure and holy be,
Teach me how to come to Thee.

4 When I go to work or play,
Be Thou with me day by day;
When I seek my quiet bed,
Let Thy wings be o'er me spread.

5 Saviour, hold me lest I fall,
Deign to hear me whilst I call·
O, regard my humble cry!
Save me, Jesus, or I die.

GLADLY MEETING.—Opening Song.

1. Glad-ly meet-ing, Kindly greet-ing, On this ho- ly Sabbath day, Sinful thoughts be all for-sa - ken,
Ev - 'ry seat in qui - et ta - ken, *f* Let each heart to God a - wa- ken, While we sing and pray,

2 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
Let us all unite in heart,
While the throne we're all addressing,
And our sinful ways confessing,
Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
Ere we hence depart.

3 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
As each Sabbath shall return,
May our minds by study brighten,
May our aspirations heighten,
And may grace our souls enlighten,
While we strive to learn.

ASCRIPTION OF PRAISE.

Ephesians iii. 20, 21.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Very spirited.

1. "Now un-to him that is a - ble to do ex - ceeding a - bundant-ly a - bove all that we

ask, or think, ac - cording to the power that worketh in us; Un - to him be glo - ry in the

church by Christ Je - sus, throughout all a - ges, world without end." A - men, A - men.

THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

WORDS BY REV. E. S. PORTER, D. D. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. In the far better land of glo - ry and light, The ransom'd are singing in garments of white, The
2. Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise, Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days, And

harp - ers are harp-ing, and all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain, The
thrones and dominions re - e - cho the strain Of glo - ry E - ter - nal, to Him that was slain, To

f *pp*

Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain, The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb that was slain.
Him, to Him, to Him that was slain, To Him, to Him, to Him that was slain.

3 Dear Saviour, may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Oh, yes! we will sing, and Thine ear we will gain
In the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

4 Now, children, and teachers, and friends all unite,
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light,
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

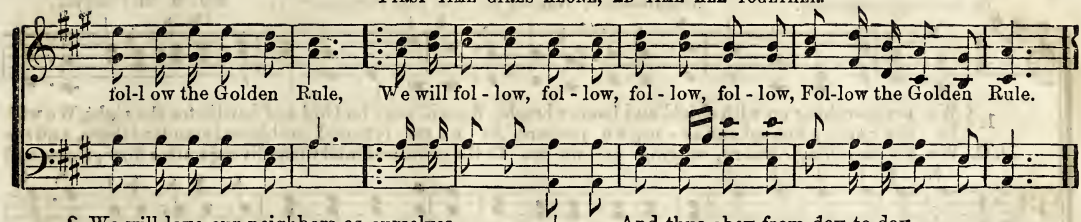
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. While our hearts are light, and our homes are bright, And the sun is smil - ing o'er us, We come to learn of a bright-er path, To a bet - ter land be - fore us; Of a roy - al road to that blest a - bode, Of love and joy and beau - ty, And the gold-en Rule of our

CHORUS.

Sun-day School Is the up-ward path of du - ty. We will fol-low the gold-en Rule, We will

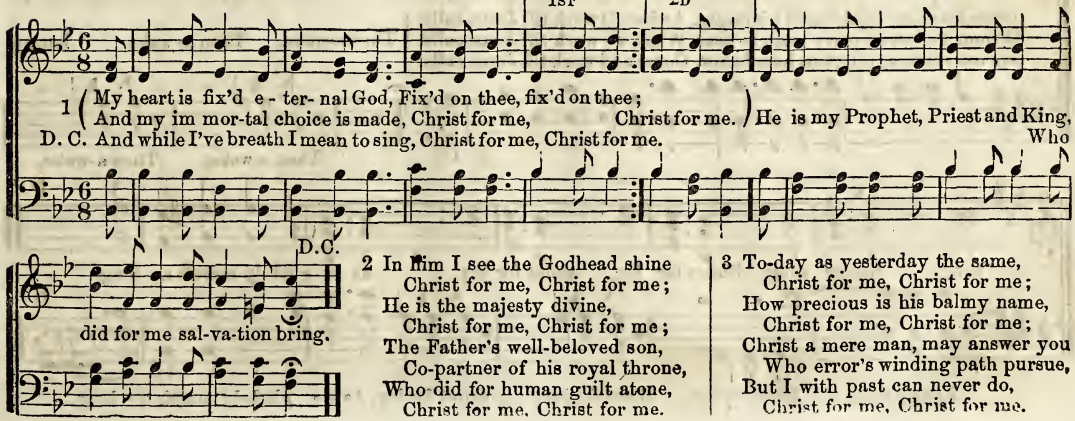
FIRST TIME GIRLS ALONE, 2D TIME ALL TOGETHER.



2 We will love our neighbors as ourselves,
We will treat them like our brothers,
And as we wish they should do to us,
So we will do to others.

And thus obey from day to day
That law so full of beauty,
For the Golden Rule of our Sunday School
Is the royal road of duty.

CHRIST FOR ME.



2 In him I see the Godhead shine
Christ for me, Christ for me;
He is the majesty divine,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
The Father's well-beloved son,
Co-partner of his royal throne,
Who did for human guilt atone,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

3 To-day as yesterday the same,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
How precious is his balmy name,
Christ for me, Christ for me;
Christ a mere man, may answer you
Who error's winding path pursue,
But I with past can never do,
Christ for me, Christ for me.

SUNDAY SCHOOL VOLUNTEER SONG.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. TO THE LEADER.—The effect of this piece will be heightened by singing the first part responsively. WM. B. BRADBURY.

In marching movement.

1. { We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and bat-tle for the right, We will
In the Sunday School our ar - my we prepare, As we ral - ly round our blessed standard there, And the
D. C. We are marching onward, singing as we go, To the promised land where living waters flow; Come and

END.

praise his name rejoicing in his might, And we'll work till Jesus calls. }
Saviour's cross we early learn to bear, While we work till Jesus calls. } Then a-wake, Then a- wake, happy
join our ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and work till Jesus calls.

Then a-wake, Then a-wake,

D.C.

song, happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad- ly march a - long.

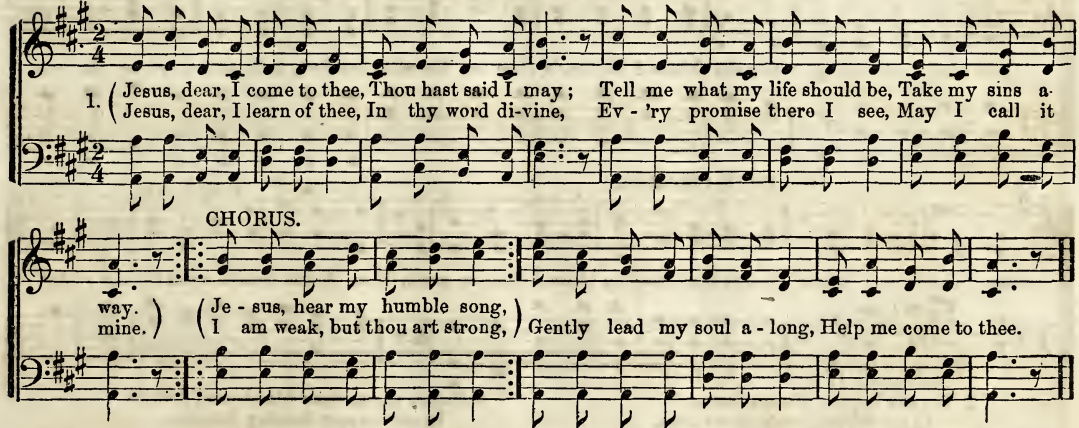
D.C.

happy song,.... happy song, Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad - ly march a - long.

2 We are marching on, our Captain ever near,
Will protect us still, His gentle voice we hear:
Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy song,
We will shout for joy, and gladly march along;
In the Lord of Hosts let every heart be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

3 We are marching on the straight and narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting day,
To the smiling fields that never will decay,
But we'll work till Jesus calls.
We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls. *Cho.*

JESUS, DEAR, I COME TO THEE.



2 Jesus, dear, I long for thee,
Long thy peace to know,
Grant those purer joys to me,
Earth can ne'er bestow;
Jesus, dear, I cling to thee;
When my heart is sad,
Thou wilt kindly speak to me,
Thou wilt make me glad.
CHO.—Jesus hear, etc.

3 Jesus, dear, I trust in thee,
Trust thy tender love,
There's a happy home for me,
With thy saints above;
Jesus, I would come to thee,
Thou hast said I may,
Tell me what my life should be
Take my sins away.

WORDS BY V.

THE TIME TO WORK.

1. Let us try to work for Je - sus In our Sunday School below, While we're traveling on together, And re-

joic - ing as we go; For the blessed Saviour's near us, He will comfort, help and cheer us In our

FULL CHORUS.

Sun - day School below. Now is the time, the blessed time to work, Now is the time to work for Je - sus.

2 We are happy, always happy,
In the Sunday School we love,
We are singing, gladly singing
Of the promised land above;
There are crowns for us in glory,
And we'll tell the joyful story
In the Sunday School we love. *Cho.*

3 Come, come, dear friends and join us
In our happy Sunday School,
Come and work with us for Jesus,
Come and learn the Golden Rule;
Thus when life's short day is over,
We will sing with joy forever
In the promised land above. *Cho.*

1. I will come to Je - sus right a - way, right a - way, 'Tis his Spir - it calls me, I o - bey;

Je-sus will re-ceive me, He will never leave me, I will come to Je-sus right a - way, right a - way,

I will come to Je - sus right a - way.

2.

I will pray to Jesus, right away, right away,
I will seek his blessing every day,
While my heart is pleading,
He is interceding,
I will pray to Jesus right away.

3 I will live for Jesus right away, right away.
'Tis my Saviour calls me, I obey;
Now in childhood's morning
Is the gentle warning,
I will live for Jesus right away.

4 I will work for Jesus right away, right away,
Labor in his vineyard every day;
With my heart pursuing
What my hands are doing,
I will work for Jesus every day.

34 WORDS BY REV. J. W. DADMUN. **MY SAVIOUR'S THRONE.** WM. B. BRADBURY.

"To him that overcometh, will I give to sit with me in my throne." Rev. 3, 21.

1. I want to go where the Saviour reigns, On the beauti - ful throne a - bove; And catch the strains of the
2. I want to sit by the liv - ing stream, As it flows from the Gold - en Throne; And bathe my soul in its

REFRAIN.

heavenly choir, As they sing of his dying love, As they sing of his dy - ing love. O that beauti-ful, beauti-ful
crystal flood, And dwell with the saints at home, And dwell with the saints at home. O that beauti-ful, &c.

love his love,

throne, That beautiful Golden Throne, I want to go where the Saviour reigns, And sit in the beautiful throne.

beautiful throne,

3 I want to taste the ambrosial fruit,
As it grows on the tree of life;
And feast and live by the throne of God,
When the saints shall be free from strife. (*from strife.*)

4 I want to walk in the golden streets,
Along with the blood-washed throng;
And greet the friends who have gone before,
And unite in the new-made song. (*new song.*)

1. Light and comfort of my soul, When the billows o'er me roll; Thou dost bid me in thy word,
2. Lord, my soul in tears would mourn, All the anguish thou hast borne; In the garden I would be,

Cast my burden on the Lord, Je-sus, Saviour once betray'd, Sac-ri-fice for sinners made; Wretched, lost, to
Lonely watcher still with thee. Thou hast suffered thou hast bled, Thorns have pierc'd thy sacred head, Jesus, while I

thee I fly, Save, O save me, or I die.
cling to thee, Let thy sor-row plead for me.

3.
Mocked and scourged—condemned to die,
On the cross extended high;
Tenant of the lonely tomb,
Mighty conqueror o'er its gloom,
Crowned victorious God of love,
To thy Father's home above;
Grant my soul a place at last,
Where the storms of life are past.

2d Hymn.

1 Grant us Lord, thy heavenly light,
All our steps to guide aright;
Shine along the narrow road
Which shall lead our souls to God.

We are weak and prone to stray—
Keep us in thy holy way;
All our wants let grace supply;
Lead us onward to the sky.

2 Thus protected, may we go
Safely through this vale of woe;

May thy gracious presence cheer
Us in all our trials here.
Loving all thy statutes, Lord,
Ever trusting in thy Word,
May we reach that happy home
Where no il. can ever come.

TO-DAY.

WORDS BY J. P. "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your heart"

1. We nev - er shall be hap- py if we walk the ways of sin, 'Tis a path that leads on - ward to sor-row; If the right we would pursue, it is time we should begin, For why need we wait till to - mor-row?

CHORUS.

Let us seek sal - va - tion to - day, yes, to-day, Seek sal- va-tion to-day, If the crown we would secure, We must make our calling sure, And seek salvation to - day.

2 We'll never get to heaven if we do not learn the way,
And prepare for the journey before us;
If for Jesus we would live, we must always watch and pray,
And thus will his banner be o'er us. *Cho.*

3 The tempter may assail us, but with Jesus by our side,
And a hope in his power possessing;
We will make his holy word still our counsel and our guide.
And count every trial a blessing. *Cho.*

CADDO. C. M.

1. Come, let us join, our Lord to praise, To him our cheerful voices raise,
Whose mercy knows no end; Our Father and our Friend.

2 In tender infancy, his care
Preserved our lives from harm;
And now he keeps us from the snare
Of sin's deceitful charm.

3 He gives us friends who seek our good,
And strive to make us wise;
His bounteous hand provides our food,
And all our wants supplies.

4 With grateful praise we will proclaim
The mercies of our God;
And sing the glory of his name,
Who bought us with his blood.

PRAYER. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

Didactic.

1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered, or unexpressed, The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry,—Behold, he prays!

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

GIVING.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

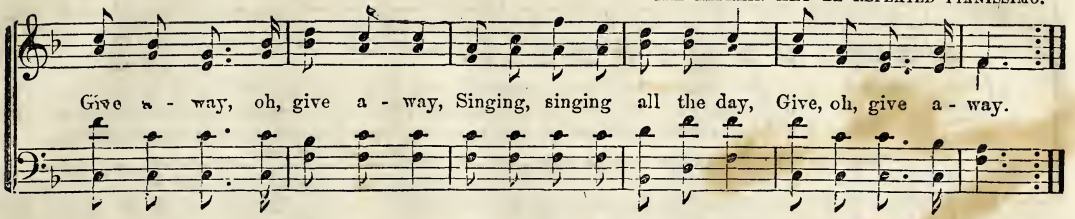
Is this the spirit of our children? God gave his dear Son, and Jesus gave his precious life to bless us. Are we giving our feet, our hands, our time, our money, our heart to help and bless others? To be like God, we must give. Hear what the still small voices of God's beautiful world say:

1. "Give," said the lit-tle stream, (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) Give said the lit-tle stream, As it hurried down the hill. "I am small, I know, but where-ev - er I go, (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) I am small, I know, but where-e - ver I go, The fields grow greener still." Singing, singing all the day,

2. "Give," said the lit - tle rain, (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) Give said the lit - tle rain. As it fell up-on the flowers. "I will raise the droop - ing.. heads a - gain, (Give, oh give, give, oh give,) I will raise the drooping.. heads a - gain, And freshen the summer bowers." Singing, singing, etc.

REFRAIN.

THE REFRAIN MAY BE REPEATED PIANISSIMO.



3 "Give," said the violet sweet,
In its gentle, spring-like voice:
"From cot and hall they will hear my call,
They will find me and rejoice."

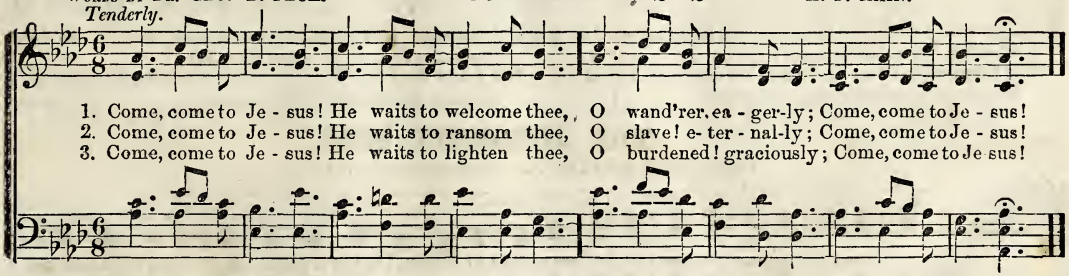
4 "Give," said they all, "O give,
For our blessings come from heaven;
And we fain would give, yes, would only live
To give as God has given,"

5 "Give then, for Jesus give,
There is something all can give;
Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
And for God and others live."

COME TO JESUS.

WORDS BY DR. GEO. B. PECK. H. P. MAIN.

Tenderly.



4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind: a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

OUR MISSION SONG.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. HENRY TUCKER.

1 (Our hearts are ve - ry joy - ful in our Sunday school to-day, Singing our mission song togeth - er;
We'll nev - er be discouraged but we'll la-bor while we may; Singing our mission song togeth - er;)
D. C. His gracious ear will lis - ten while before his throne we bend, Singing our mission song togeth-er.

D. C.

Je - sus will help us, he is our friend, He will protect us, and he will de - fend;

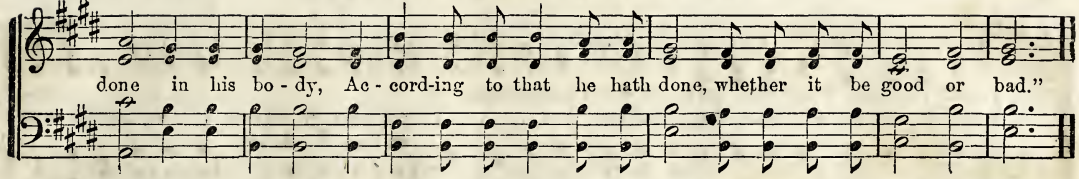
2 While many precious blessings he has scattered in [our way,
Singing our mission song together;
For those who sit in darkness, we must not forget to [pray;
Singing our mission song together.

3 Our happy voices mingle in our Sunday-school so dear,
Singing our mission song together;
We know that God is with us when we meet together [here;
Singing our mission song together.

THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

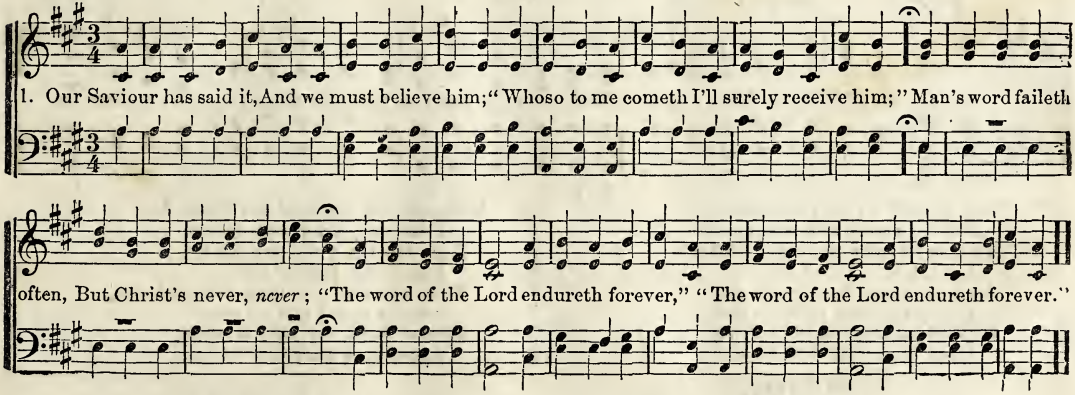
SCRIPTURE SENTENCE. 2d Corinthians, v. 10.

"For we must all appear before the Judgment seat of Christ, That every one may receive the things



WORDS BY J. W. S.

THE WORD OF THE LORD.



2 Whom Jesus receiveth
He ne'er leaves to perish;
The soul that believeth
He ever will cherish.
So cling we to Jesus
With steadfast endeavor,
"The word of the Lord
Endureth forever."

3 And when on the borders
Of death's darksome river,
We'll trust Him who promised
Our souls to deliver.
Our hands from our Saviour's
No power can sever,
"The word of the Lord
Endureth forever."

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st. 2d.

1 (Jesus lead me, Jesus guide me In the way I ought to go;
Help an erring one to praise thee, Teach me [*Omit*.....) Lord, thy word to know. Tho' my heart is weak [and

sin - ful, May I bring it, Lord, to thee; Wash me in thy precious fountain, Jesus, thou hast died for me.

2 In thy word I read the promise—
Ask for mercy and receive;
They who early seek shall find me,
Lord, I will, I do believe:
Jesus hear me, Jesus guide me,
In the way that leads to thee,
Blessed hope my only comfort,
Jesus, thou hast died for me.

3 Happy now, my soul has found thee,
I can sing thy praise divine;
I can tell the world around me,
I am thine, forever thine.
Thou wilt lead me, thou wilt guide me,
Sweetly now I rest on thee;
Blessed hope, my only comfort,
Jesus, thou hast died for me.

2d Hymn.

1 Take my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and child-like still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven.
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path of heaven.

WE ARE YOUNG.

WORDS BY J. P. — HENRY TUCKER.

FINE.

1. We are young, we are young, but we need to come to Jesus, He will guide, he'll provide all we want up-on our way;

D. C.

He will hear when we cry, he will all our trials soften, Tho' we're young, very young, we have need to watch and pray.

2 Tho' we're young, very young, Satan ever tries to snare us,
Turn away, turn away, let him not obtain our ear;
He is wise, we are weak, never let him win us over,
If he calls, if he calls, we must still refuse to hear.

3 For the young, for the young, Jesus has a home in heav'n,
We will come, we will come, there is room for such as we;
Like a child, like a child, we must ever go to Jesus,
He is love, he is love, he a faithful friend will be.

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev - er-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

O WHITHER NOW SO BRIGHT AND GAY.

DIALOGUE SONG. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st SEMI-CHORUS.

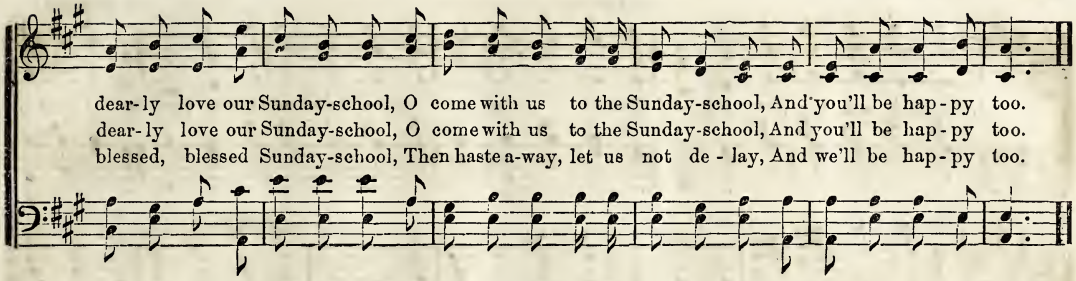
1. O whither now so bright and gay, Hap-py, all so hap - py, O whither now so bright and gay,
2. And will you tell us what you do? Hap-py, all so hap - py, That we may share your pleasure too?
3. We oft - en read the Bi - ble too, Hap-py, all so hap - py, But is there nothing else you do?

RESPONSE.

Happy with de - light. To Sabbath-school we're on our way, Happy, all so hap-py, And this is why we
Happy with de - light. We read our Saviour's ho- ly word, Happy, all so happy, The sweetest book you
Happy with de - light. Oh yes, we kneel to God in prayer, Happy, all so hap- py, And learn to sing his

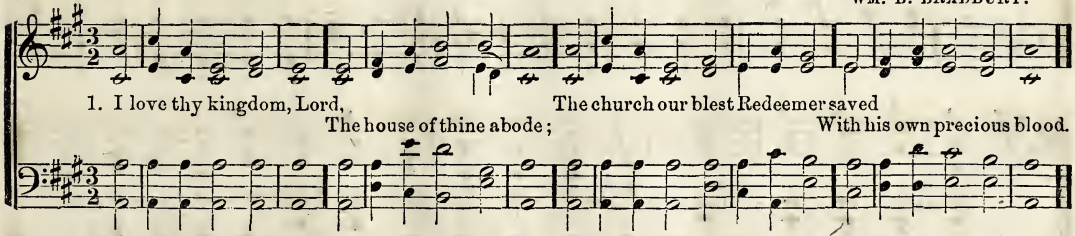
CHORUS.

feel to - day, Happy with de - light. Then come, O come, yes, haste we now to the Sunday-school, We
ev - er heard, Happy with de - light. Then come, O come, yes, haste we now to the Sunday-school, We
praises there, Happy with de - light. We'll go, we'll go. we'll go with you to the Sunday-school, The



LULU. S. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

THE PURE IN HEART.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.

1. Blessed are the pure in heart! Blessed ev - ermore! They shall meet, and never part On the golden

CHORUS.

shore. Thorny paths their feet have trod, But their rest is sure with God! Blessed are the pure in heart!

Blessed ev - er - more, Blessed are the pure in heart, Blessed ev - er - more

ev-er - more

2 Blessed are the pure in heart,
Free from sin and stain;
Satan with his fiery dart
Tempts their peace in vain;
For they lean on Jesus' arm,
He will keep them safe from harm. *Cho.*

3 Blessed are the pure in heart!
Oh! that we may stand,
Choosing now the better part
At the Lord's right hand.
With us may His love abide,
For the sake of Christ who died! *Cho.*

SWEET THE SABBATH MORNING.

1. Sweet the Sabbath morning, Calm and bright return-ing, Seems to subdue the tur-moil of the week;

Sabbath bells in - vi- ting, Children all u - ni-ting, Sweetly sing the praise of Him, whose throne they seek.

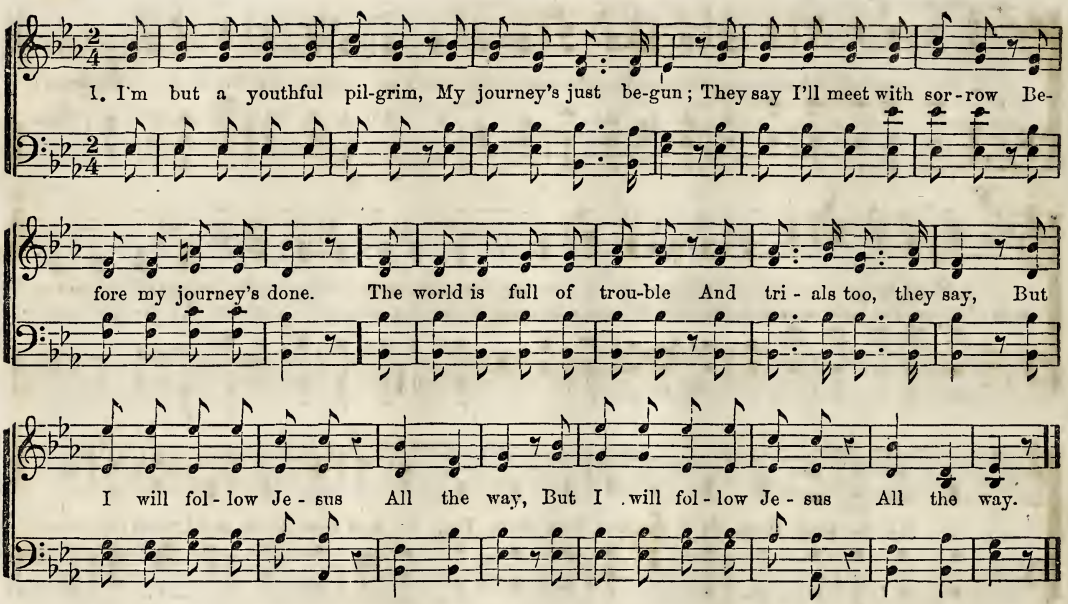
D. S. Ev - ery Sabbath morning, See their foot-steps turning, Where they learn to sing and speak a Saviour's praise.

Je - sus is near them, Je - sus will hear them, Yes, he will hear those sweet notes they raise.

2 Sweetest day of seven! Pointing us to heaven;
Thou beacon-light upon life's stormy sea!
Rest we from our labor, Sharing with our neighbor,
All the holy peace and joy that comes with thee.
Sweet Sabbath morning, Blest thy returning,
Oh! may we treasure these Sabbath days,
Hark! a voice is calling; Through the stillness falling,
Calling us to meet and sing our Saviour's praise.

3 Every Sabbath morning, Sinful pleasure scorning,
Our Sunday-school shall be a sacred spot;
There our voices ringing, With the angels singing,
Lead our thoughts away where care and sin art not.
Oh, holy pleasure! Oh, heavenly treasure!
We'll ever prize these sweet Sabbath days!
Bringing heaven nearer; Making Jesus dearer;
Fitting us to join his saints, and see his face.

ALL THE WAY.



2 Then like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
And lay at Jesus' feet,
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away,
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way. *Cho.*

3 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way. *Cho.*

Gentle.

1. Blessed Re-deem-er, how precious thou art, Full of com-pas-sion and grace; Sweet is the
2. Shadows of darkness no long-er I fear, Je-sus, I know thou art mine; Hark! 'tis the

CHORUS.

mu-sic of joy to my heart, Cheered by the smile of Thy face. Nearer the kingdom of glo-ry to-day,
anthem of rapture I hear, Wafted from regions di-vine, Nearer the kingdom, etc.

Nearer, my Father, nearer to Thee, Up-ward my spirit is soaring a-way, Pleasure immortal I see.

3 Onward, still onward, my refuge and guide,
Gladly my way I pursue;
Bright is my path while I walk by Thy side,
Thou wilt my courage renew. *Cho.*

4 Nearer the fount where my soul shall be free,
Nearer the angels above;
Nearer the crown Thou hast purchased for me,
Jewelled with Mercy and Love. *Cho.*

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." Rev. 21—6.

CHORUS.

1. Je-sus, the water of life will give Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, Je-sus, the water of life will give
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Freely, free-ly, free-ly, Come to that fountain, O drink and live

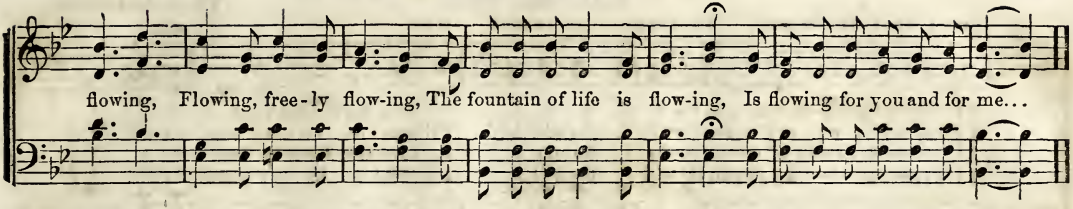
2. Je-sus has promised a home in heaven, Freely, free-ly, free-ly, Je-sus has promised a home in heaven,
Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely, free-ly, free-ly, Treasures unfading will there be given,

1ST 2D DUET. CHORUS.. DUET.

Freely to those who love him.
Flowing for those that love him. The Spirit and the Bride say, come Freely, free-ly, free-ly, And
Freely to those that love him.
Freely to those that love him. The Spirit and the Bride say, come, etc.

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

he that is thirs-ty let him come And drink of the water of life... The fountain of life is



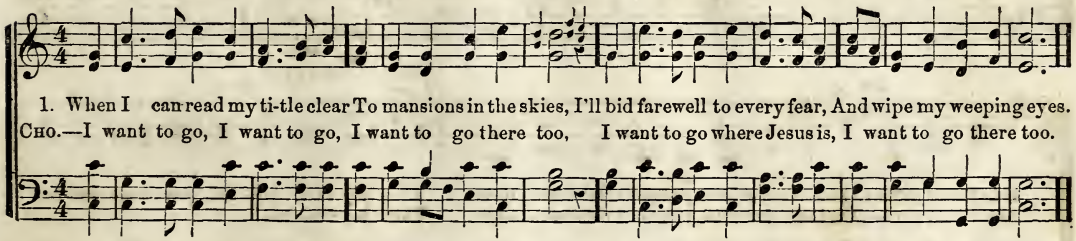
3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love him. *Cho.*

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love him;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely,
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love him. *Cho.*

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a calm repose
Freely to all that love him,
Come to the water of life that flows
Freely, freely, freely.
Come to the water of that life flows,
Freely to all that love him. *Cho.*

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world. *Cho.*

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all, *Cho.*

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast. *Cho.*

I LOVE THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

DIALOGUE SONG.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES. 1ST CHORUS.* 2D CHORUS. SOLO. ALL.

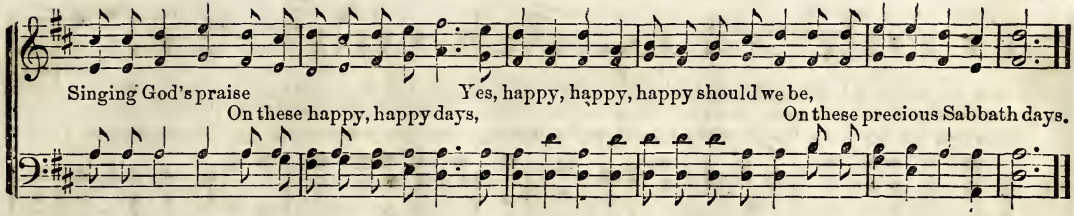
1. I love the Sabbath-school, So do I, So do I, I love the Sabbath-school, So do I,
I'll mind its ev - ery rule, So will I, So will I, I'll mind its ev - ery rule, So will I,
2. I love the Book of truth, So do I, So do I, I love the Book of truth, So do I,
I'll prize it in my youth, So will I. So will I. I'll prize it in my youth, So will I.

O happy, happy they who on this day, Have met to read, and sing, and pray, In joy - ful lays we
I learn my du-ty there, my cross to bear, And in its pa-ges bright and fair, I learn to raise my

FULL CHORUS. *f* *Firm.*

sing God's praise, On these precious, precious Sab-bath days. Then joy - ful, joy - ful, joyful may we be,
heart in praise, On these precious, precious Sab-bath days. Then joy - ful, etc.

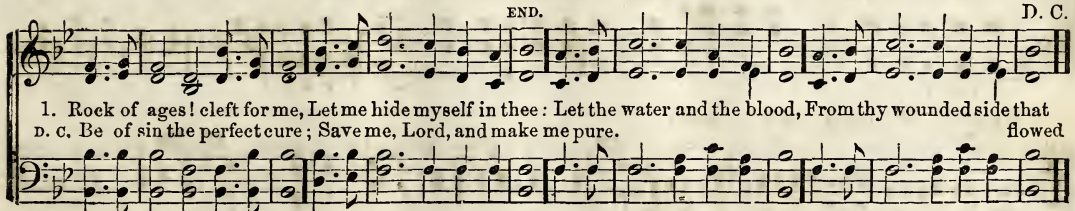
* These responses should be given promptly by the two choruses or divisions of the school, as: 1st Boys, 2d Girls, etc.



3 I love my teacher dear, So do I, so do I,
I love my teacher dear, So do I;
I'll treasure what I hear, So will I, so will I.
I'll treasure what I hear, So will I.
The Sunday-school to me a guide shall be
A comfort o'er a troubled sea;
How sweet to raise our cheerful lays
On these precious, precious Sabbath-days. *Cho.*

4 I love the Sabbath-day, So do I, so do I,
I love the Sabbath-day, So do I;
I love its gentle ray, So do I, so do I,
I love its gentle ray, So do I.
A day of hallowed rest divinely blest,
Of all the week it is the best;
In songs of praise our voices raise
On these precious, precious Sabbath-days. *Cho.*

ROCK OF AGES. 7s., 6 lines. DR. T. HASTINGS.



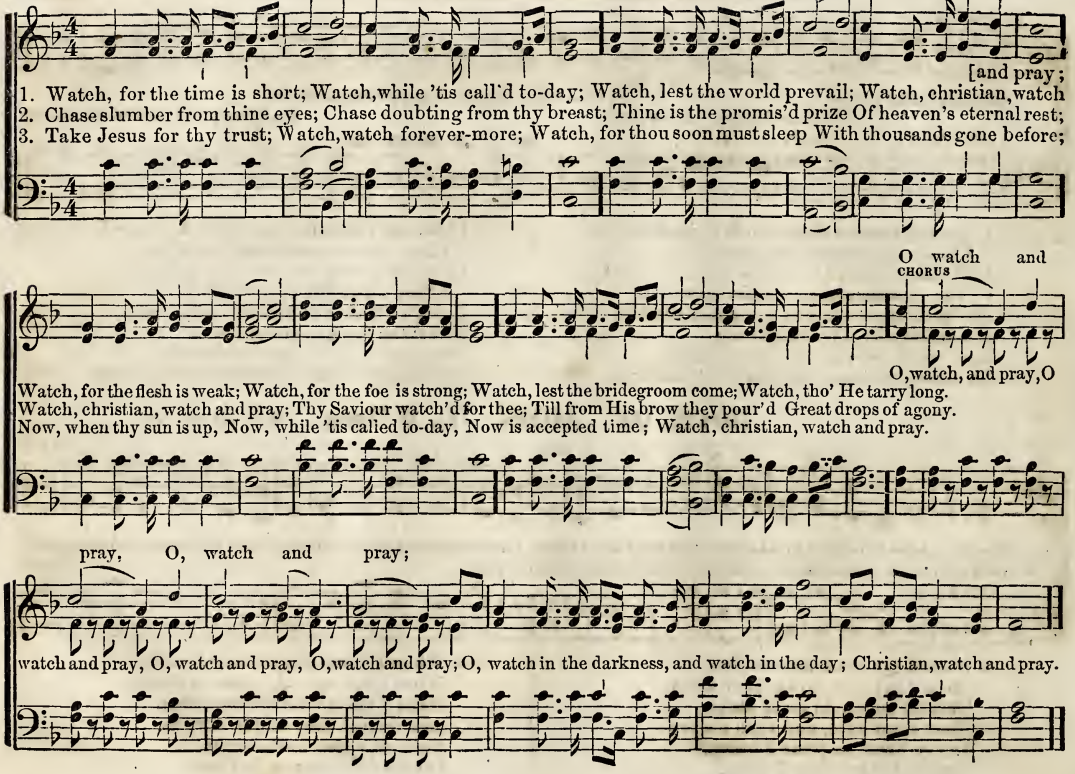
1. Rock of ages! cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee: Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed
D. C. Be of sin the perfect cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

WATCH AND PRAY.

REV. R. LOWRY.



WELCOME TO THE SABBATH.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1ST 2D

1. Welcome, welcome, day of rest, Sweet re-lief from ev'ry care, Grateful to the weary breast [OMIT..... Are the joys thy moments bear; God of

love, thy grace impart, Comfort ev'ry mourning heart, God of love thy grace impart, Comfort ev'ry mourning heart.

2 Welcome, welcome, Sabbath bells,
Chiming on the fragrant air,
Pealing o'er the flowery dells,
Calling to the house of prayer;
Those who long the way have trod,
Those who love to worship God.

3 Precious words of life we hear,
From our pastor's lips they fall,
Strains of music greet our ear,
Lord, we praise thy name for all;
On the wings of faith we rise
Upward to our native skies.

4 When these mortal scenes decay,
When the toils of earth are past,
Jesus, may we hear thee say,
Welcome, faithful ones, at last;
Of my Father you are blest,
Enter now eternal rest.

---

1 Jesus, Shepherd of thy sheep,
Hither with thy flock we come;
All our souls in mercy keep,
Never from thy side to roam.
Take the Lambs within thine arms,
Gently to thy bossom press'd;
From all sin and mortal harms,
In thy free salvation press'd.

2 Where the gentlest waters flow,
Thither Lord, each wand'rer lead;
Where the greenest pastures grow,
There securely let us feed.
Close beside the sheltering rock,
When the desert wind is high,
Gather all our little flock
Till the tempest shall pass by.

3 Vain each under-shepherd's care,
Unless thou thy blessing give:
Hear, O Lord, our humble prayer;
Let us in thy favor live.
And when death's dark shadows fall,
And the day of life shall close,
May each lamb, each shepherd, all
In thy heavenly fold repose.

IF WE KNEW.

WORDS BY MRS. ELLEN H. GATES, Author of "YOUR MISSION." WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. If we knew when walking tho'tless Thro the crowded noisy way, That some pearl of wondrous whiteness Close be - side our pathway lay, We would pause when now we hasten, We would often look around, Lest our careless feet should trample, Some rare jewel in the ground, Lest our careless feet should trample Some rare jewel in the ground.

2. If we knew what forms were fainting For the shade that we should fling, If we knew what lips were parching For the water we should bring, We would haste with eager footsteps, We would work with willing hands, Bearing cups of cooling water, Planting rows of shading palms, Bearing cups of cooling water, Planting rows of shading palms.

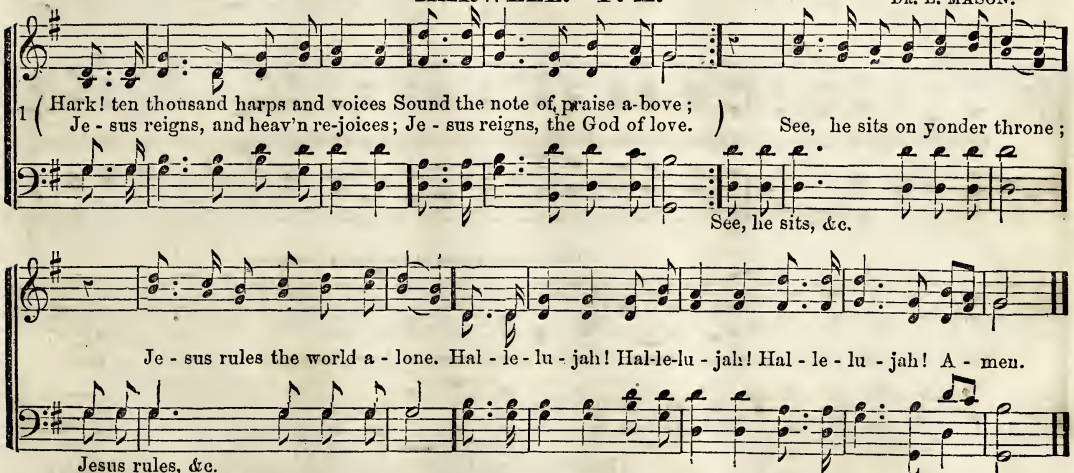
3 If we knew when friends around us,
Closely press to say "good bye,"
Which among the lips that kiss us,
First should 'neath the daises lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

4 If we knew what lives were darken'd
By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which had ever lain upon them,
Like the frost upon the flowers,
O with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
We would cry, "*forgive*," "*forget*."

5 *If we knew!* Alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know,
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbors' gardens grow?
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear him say
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From my presence flee away."

HARWELL. P. M.

DR. L. MASON.



2 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah! &c.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then with golden harps, we'll sing—
'Glory, glory to our King.'
Hallelujah! &c.

ENCOURAGEMENT. 7s & 6s.

1. O teacher, sad and wea - ry, Because thy work seems vain, Look from thyself to Je - sus, And thou wilt hope a - gain. Perchance thou art discouraged, That yet no fruit ap - pears; But ere the joyful har - vest, The seed is sown in tears. Sown in tears, sown in tears, The seed is sown in tears. Bright as stars, bright as stars, Bright as the stars shall shine.

CODA.—May be sung or omitted at pleasure.

2 Hast thou so soon forgotten
The promise of thy Lord,
That none for him who labor
Shall fail of their reward!

If thus thou pray and labor,
Immortal souls to win,
Thou, at thy Lord's appearing,
Bright as the stars shall shine.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Hail! my ev - er blessed Je - sus, On - ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King. O! what mercy flows from heaven! O! what joy and happi-ness! giv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.

D. S. Love I much? I'm much for-

FINE.

D. S.

2 Once in Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing.
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
While astonished I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

2d Hymn.

1 Holy Father, thou hast taught me,
I should live to thee alone; [me.
Year by year thy hand hath brought
On thro' dangers oft unknown.
When I wander'd thou hast found me;
When I doubted sent me light;
Still thine arm has been around me,
All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
Well I know before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing,
Thou canst give the power I need;
Thro' the prayer of faith receiving
Strength—the spirit, strength, indeed.

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou, mine only guard from harm!
Keep me from mine own undoing,
Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
Keep me ever at thy side.

WORDS BY J. P.

NEVER GROW WEARY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We must ne - ver grow wea - ry, doing well, doing well. Though in time we may reap no reward;

For E - ter - ni - ty will tell— yes, E - ter - ni - ty will tell, What a blessing rests on

cres. CHORUS. *f* *f*

those who serve the Lord. O ye stars! shine on, shine on! Far up in heaven's own blue,

pp *cres.* *cres.* *f*

Some time, some time, I too may shine, I may shine As bright-ly as you!

2 We must bear the yoke daily:—Jesus says,
"It is easy, my burden is light;"
For he knows how frail we are, yes, he knows how frail we are,
And he helps us through the day and through the night. *Cho.*—O ye stars, etc.

3 All the stars o'er us shining in the sky,
And the sun and the moon do His will;
And we know that by and by, if to serve him well we try,
With a brighter glow our spirits he will fill. *Cho.*

4 We must ever be watchful!—for to-day
May, for you, and for me, be the last;
So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labor, and we'll pray,
Till the sunset hour of life is safely passed. *Cho.*

ANVERN. L. M.

1. Tri - umphant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust, and dark - ness, and the dead! Though humbled

Ritard.

long—awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

WHO SHALL SHINE?

WORDS BY J. B. "They that are wise shall shine," etc. Dan. xii. 3. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Quick.

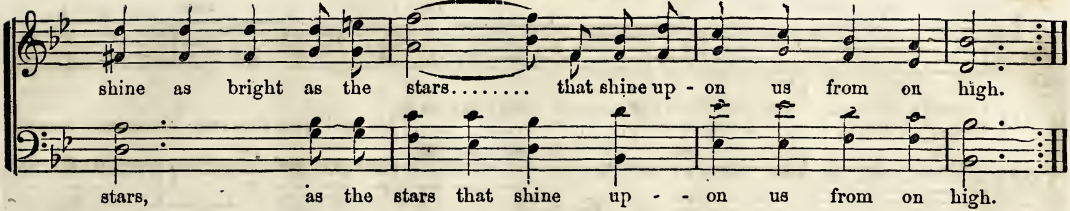
1. The beauteous stars that shine So bright in yon - der sky Like jew - els fit - ly set, Whose lustre cannot die; And may I ev - er hope, Their wondrous height t' obtain, And see the glory they beheld On
2. Oh, to be tru - ly wise, In thought, in word, in deed; To teach my err-ing heart, To seek the help I need! Thou ru - ler of the world, Who keep'st the stars in place, Oh, grant that I may yet behold The
3. If wisdoms ways I seek, I sure-ly shall be blest; They run through joy and peace, Unto a land of rest; And oh, I fain would reach Those starry heights above, And with new brightness ever shine, And

CHORUS.* *Spirited.*

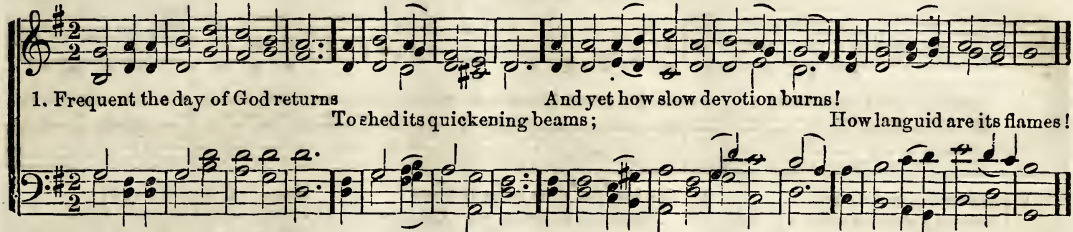
old Ju-de - as plain. They that are wise shall shine, They shall shine as bright as the stars, They shall
brightness of thy face, They that are wise shall shine, etc.
sing a Saviour's love, They that are wise shall shine, etc.

They shall shine as bright as the

* If performed in public, with the assistance of an adult choir, a pleasant contrast may be produced by the children singing the first part, and the choir responding in the chorus, "They that are wise," etc. Or, if trained together, there would be no objection to all singing in the chorus.



DEDHAM. C. M.



2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ;
Delighted range th' etherial plains.
And take our fill of joy.

2d Hymn.

1 Sweet was the time when first I felt,
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue.
And when the evening shade prevail'd
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

4 Rise, Saviour! help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail:
Let me that mercy share.

 WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

THE INVITATION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1ST 2D END.

1. (Come, O come to Je - sus, With thy guilty fears oppress'd,
Wea-ry, heavy la - den, [OMIT.....] He will give thee rest.) Come and learn his

D. C.

yoke to bear, Come, and be his child for-ev-er, Safe beneath his tender care, Grief and sin will harm thee never.

2 Wanderer, do not tarry,
Evening shadows soon will fall,
Now the light of mercy
Freely shines for all;
Come and find a calm repose,
Wash thee in the crystal fountain,
Yonder, see how pure it flows
From the cross on Calvary's mountain. *Cho.*

3 Hark! the Spirit woo's thee,
Sinner, wilt thou still delay?
Now the angels call thee,
Haste, oh, haste away!
Go with us to Canaan's land,
Where the happy ones are singing,
Where the saints in glory stand,
Where their golden harps are ringing. *Cho.*

HARK! THOSE HAPPY VOICES. 8s, 8s & 6s.

1. Hark! those happy voices saying, "Yet there's room; Sinner! come. Heaven's call o - bey - ing.
2. Now the feast is spread before them, Wait no more, Grace implore, Peace shall then come o'er thee.

JEWELS.

G. F. ROOT. From "Chapel Gems," by permission.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He cometh, To make up his jew - els, All his jew - els, precious
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er, The gems for his kingdom; All the pure ones, all the

CHORUS.

jew - els, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn - ing,
bright ones, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars, &c.

They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for his crown.

3.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His lov'd and his own?
Like the stars, &c.

LENOX. H. M.

Bold and spirited.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow—The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,

The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home

The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Return, ye ran - som'd sinners, home.

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Through all the earth proclaim,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

---

1 Come, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above And all below,
The debt of love To him we owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O who can tell,
To save our souls From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the sky The conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, The Saviour—God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see His lovely face,
And ever be In his embrace.

WONDROUS LOVE.*

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Allegro.

1. Sing my soul his wondrous love, Who, from yon bright world a-bove, Ev - er watchful o'er our race,

Still to man ex - tends his grace: Sing,.... my soul,..... his won - drous love.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
He by all must be obey'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

3 God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood,
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure:
Sing, my soul, his wondrous love.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come:
Praise, oh, praise the God of love.

* The above composition was a great favorite with the author of FRESH LAURELS, when a boy. We have never seen it in print since that time, and think it has never been brought forward. We love it for its precious early associations, as well as for its own intrinsic beauty, and reprint it, both melody and harmony, entirely from memory.—Thirty-two years ago (Dear father Mason) your then not very promising pupil, taught this to his celebrated "FORT HILL CHOIR OF BOSTON."

Tune—LENOX. H. M.

1 Again we meet, O Lord,
Again we fill this place,
To hear thy holy word,
And ask thy promised grace;
To thank thee for the gifts we share,
The children of thy love and care.

2 Grant us the listening ear,
The understanding heart,
The mind and will sincere,
To choose the better part,—
To take the learner's lowly seat,
And gather wisdom at thy feet.

3 Through this, and every day,
Teach us thy path to tread;
Nor let our feet astray
By Satan's wiles be led;
But keep us in the narrow road,—
The way to glory and to God.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem. And
2. Crown him—ye morning stars of light! Who form'd this floating ball—Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy . al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all,—Now hail the strength of Iarael's might, And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Who ransomed from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
4 Let every kindred every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

---

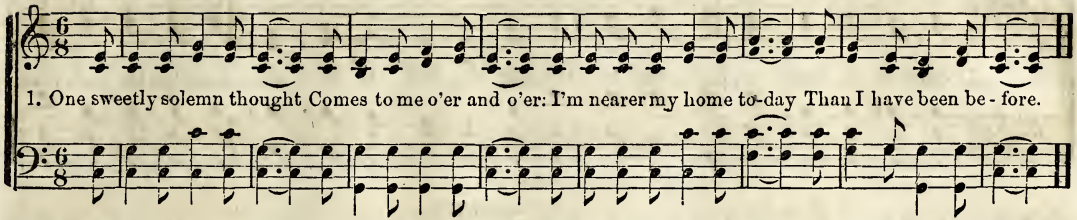
1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
5 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

1 Yes, I will bless thee, O my God,
Through all my fleeting days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
3 Nor will I cease thy praise to sing,
When death shall close mine eyes;
My thot's shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter rapture rise.
4 Then shall my lips in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue
And an eternal day.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
I'm nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea:

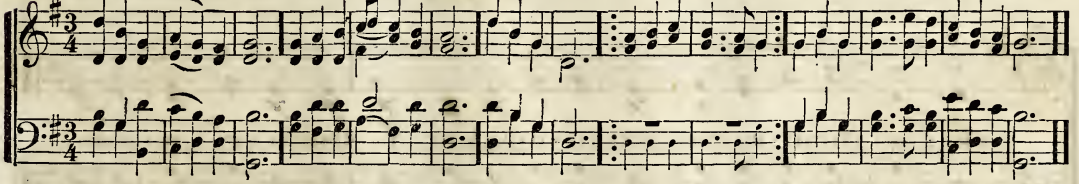
3 Nearer the bound of life
We lay our burdens down;
And nearer the time to leave
The cross and wear the crown.

4 Father, perfect my trust;
My feeble frame support;
O keep me beneath thy care,
My trembling hope sustain.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

Allegro.

GIARDINI.



1 Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies;
Now make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Guide on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

TRAVELING HOME.

1. Saviour, thy word a lamp shall be, Guiding my feet to Zi - on; Lighting the path that leads to thee, Cheering the way to Zi - on.

CHORUS.

Trav-el - ing home, travel-ing home, Traveling home to Zi - on; Trav-el - ing home, we're trav - el - ing home To dwell for - ev - er - more.

2 Saviour, I tread the heav'nly road,
Singing and filled with pleasure;
Looking by faith to thine abode,
Seeking a glorious treasure. *Cho.*

3 When I am weak and tempted here,
Lonely my way pursuing,
Saviour, I know, I feel thee near,
Vigor and strength renewing. *Cho.*

4 Saviour, with all thy saints above,
Close by the shining river;
Soon shall I meet the friends I love,
Singing thy praise forever. *Cho.*

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

THANKSGIVING ANTHEM.

Allegro.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear;
2. Oh! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, His praise in melodious accordance prolong,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;

With love and devotion draw near. Je- ho-vah is God, and Je - ho-vah alone, Cre- a - tor and Ruler o'er all,....
And bless his a- dor- a-ble name. For good is the Lord, inex-press-i- bly good, And we are the work of his hand;

And we are his people, his sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow his call; we follow his call, we follow his call.
His mercy and truth from eter-ni - ty stood, And shall to e-ter- ni - ty stand, to eter-ni-ty stand, to eter-ni-ty stand.

WORDS BY FANNY CROSBY.

AWAY! AWAY!

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - way! a - way! not a moment to lin- ger, Haste we now with footstep free, Where those who love in the
2. A - way! a-way! where the angels are bending Light-ly o'er the house of prayer Glad hymns of praise to the

CHORUS.

vineyard to la - bor, Wait for you and me. To the Sunday-school re - joicing we will go, 'Tis a
Lord of the Sabbath, Sweet-ly ech - o there. To the Sunday-school re - joicing we will go, 'Tis a

place where all are happy here below, Where the way of life we learn to know, And seek our home a - bove.

3 Away! away! for the moments are flying,
Time for us will soon be o'er;
This holy day we will try to improve it,
Ere its light is o'er. *Cho.*

4 Away! away! not a moment to linger,
Haste we now with footstep free,
Where those who love in the vineyard to labor
Wait for you and me. *Cho.*

OUR GLORIOUS HOME.

1 Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
Far above this fleeting shore,
To endless joy in a moment awaking,
There we'll sleep no more.

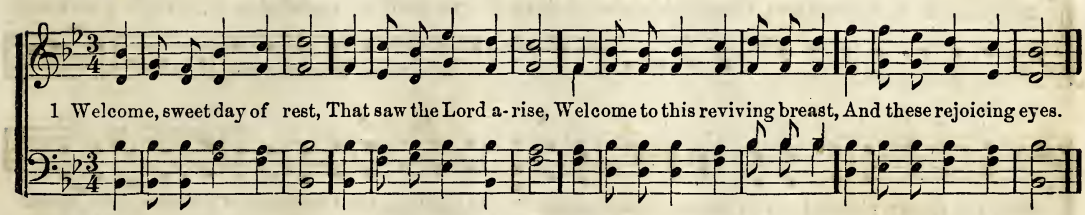
CHO.—Where the pearly gates will never, never close,
And the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,
Where the ransomed ones in love repose,
Our glorious home shall be.

2 Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
See the hours are waning fast,
Along the banks of the clear flowing river
We shall meet at last. *Cho.*

3 Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
When our friends have gone before,
In robes of white they are waiting to greet us
On the other shore. *Cho.*

4 Good night! good night! till we meet in the morning,
There from pain and sorrow free,
With him who died from the grave to redeem us
We shall ever be. *Cho.*

LISBON. S. M.



2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear God, hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

2d Hymn.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagles, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

5 Then, bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love, proclaim;
Let all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

WORDS BY FANNY CROSBY.

"COME AGAIN."

1. Have you spent a pleasant day? Come again, come again. Would you learn the better way, Then come, come again;

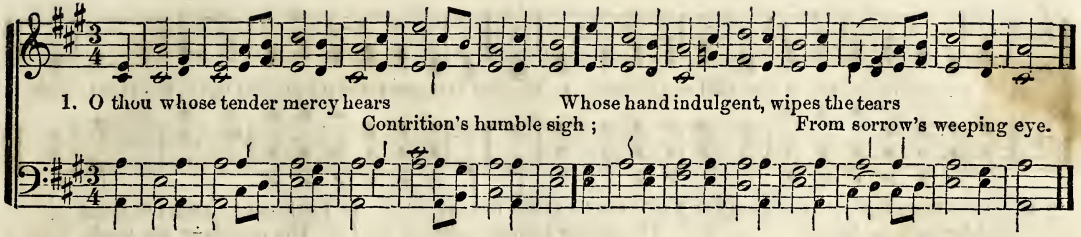
Here you'll find a welcome true, Hearts that warmly beat for you, They will tell you what to do, O come, come again.

Have you spent a pleasant day? Come again, come again, Would you learn the better way, Then come, come again.

2 Would you leave all sinful ways?
Come again, come again;
Would you join our cheerful lays?
Then come, come again.
We are bound for Canaan's land,
Will you come and join our band?
We will take you by the hand,
O come, come again.

3 Words of comfort you shall hear,
Come again, come again;
From the Book we love so dear,
Then come, come again;
Jesus suffered on the tree,
Jesus died for you and me,
His disciple you may be,
O come, come again.

4 Come on every Sabbath day,
Come again, come again;
Never, never stay away,
O come, come again;
Now improve the hours that fly,
They are gliding swiftly by,
You are not to young to die,
Then come, come again.



2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—'Return?'

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

2d Hymn. C. M.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

3d Hymn. C. M.

1 Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thy earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek Him while He's near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

3 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be:
Then when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear.

4th Hymn. C. M.

1 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
To thee I lift mine eyes;
Teach and instruct me by thy word,
And make me truly wise.

2 Make me to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would I learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

3 Help me to read the Bible o'er,
With ever new delight:
Help me to love its Author more;
To seek thee day and night.

4 Oh, let it purify my heart,
And guide me all my days;
Its wonders, Lord, to me impart,
And thou shalt have the praise.

TRUSTING.

1. I will not be afraid at night When all alone I lie, And darkness takes the place of light; For God is nigh.

2 His shelt'ring arm supports my head,
And lovingly he keeps
A constant watch around my bed;
God never sleeps.

3 I will not be afraid to hear
The rolling tempest wild,
If Jesus whisper in my ear,
I am his child.

4 I will not be afraid to tread
The portals of the tomb,
For Jesus there a light will shed
To cheer the gloom.

THE YOUNG ABSTAINER.

* * *

Quick.

1. I am a young abstainer, sir, From drinking customs free; If others choose the drunkards drink, Pure

CHORUS.

water give to me. Pure, cold water, water give to me! For I'm a young abstainer, from drinking-customs free.

2 The drunkard is a foolish man:
He staggers through the streets,
And he is pointed at with scorn
By every one he meets. *Cho.*

3 The drunkard is a careless man,
He throws his cash away;
He does not save his money up
Against an evil day. *Cho.*

4 The drunkard is a cruel man;
And thus we often see
His wretched wife and family
In rags and misery. *Cho.*

5 The drunkard is a wicked man:
He quite neglects his mind;
And God will punish him for that,
As he will surely find. *Cho.*

6 The foolish man and wicked man
May drink wine, gin and beer,
But I prefer a wiser plan:
My drink is water clear. *Cho.*

7 I am a young teetotaller,
From drinking-customs free;
Can't you give up the drunkards drink
And come and work with me? *Cho.*

FADE, FADE EACH EARTHLY JOY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine;

Dark is the wil - derness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,—
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine.

PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. (OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Joy-ful a-way to Pisgah's mountain, Borne on the wings of faith we soar, Sweetly we hear the echo ringing,

hap-py voices on the oth-er shore. Hark! they sing in the bright vales of E-den, Songs of praise to the

CHORUS. *Would you sit by the banks of the riv-er With the friends you have*

Lamb that was slain; Round his throne with the martyrs they gather There u-ni-ted for-ev-er to reign.

loved by your side, Would you join in the songs of the angels, Then be ready to fol-low your guide.

2 Christians, behold the hill of Zion,
See where our purest treasure lies,
Work for the Lord whate'er our trials,
O be faithful, we shall win the prize.
Crowned with light in a mansion of beauty,
We shall dwell with the pure & the blest,
We shall sing with the faithful in glory,
Where the weary forever shall rest.

3 We're pressing on with eager longing,
Pressing toward the swelling tide;
Jesus will bear us safely over,
We shall anchor on the other side.
Saved by grace to his kingdom exalted,
When the billows of Jordan are passed,
We shall sing with the friends we have cherished,
Glory, glory, we're home, home at last.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged from HANDEL by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, and nature sing, - And heaven, and heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

2d Hymn.

1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete—
Jesus was born to die.

4 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

COME, O COME.

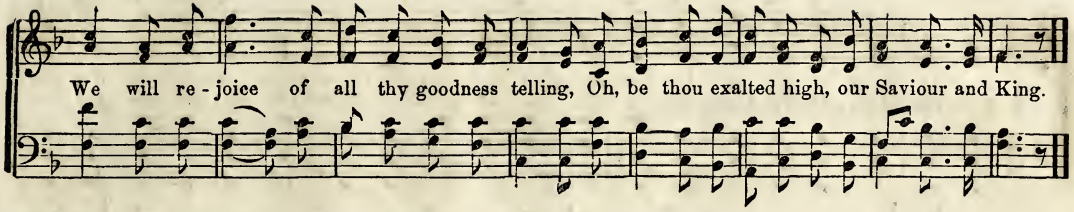
WORDS BY C. HENRY TUCKER.

1. Come, O come, our fes - tive day re - turn - ing, Filled with joy, its ro - sy light we see;
2. Come, O come, the flow'rs with verdure teeming, Bless the hand that made the forms so gay;
3. Come, O come, the day is now be - fore us, Not a cloud to dim its gold - en ray;

God of love, our hearts with rapture burning, Breathe in a grateful song, our homage to thee.
Come, O come, the sun with lus - tre beam - ing, Crowns with a hap - py smile our high festive day.
An - gel eyes from heaven are bending o'er us, Gild - ing the tranquil hours with joy while they stay.

CHORUS.

Here once again our mingled voi - ces swelling; Here with delight we love thy praise to sing.

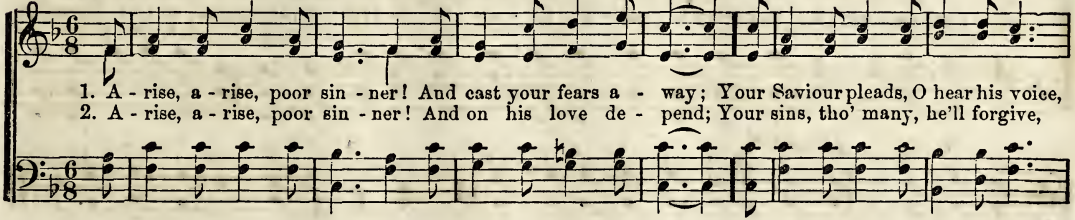


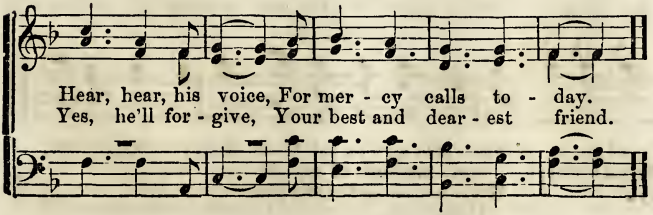
WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

ARISE! ARISE! POOR SINNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

"Son, be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee." Matt. ix, 2.





3 Arise, arise, poor sinner,
The Spirit bids you come
And seek in heaven a land of rest,
Sweet land of rest,
The christians native home.

4 Arise, arise, poor sinner,
Your Father's voice now hear;
He says your sins are all forgiven,
All, all forgiven;
My son, be of good cheer.

WORDS BY WM. BENNETT.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is light in the val - ley once shrouded with darkness, Hope sheds her bright ray o'er the gloom of the grave, A Sav - iour as - cend - ing, fills earth with his brightness, 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus the

2. O'er the dark realms of death, shines a ha - lo of glo - ry, The ty - rant no lon - ger ex- erts his dread sway; His dark reign is end - ed, his scep - tre is brok - en, Henceforth all his subjects his

CHORUS.

mighty to save, Mighty to save, mighty to save, 'Tis Je - sus, 'tis Je - sus the migh-ty to save.

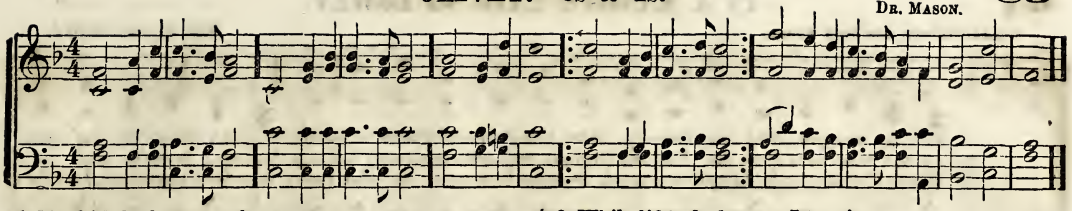
subjects are free, Mighty to save, etc.

3 Shout aloud ye redeemed ones, repeat the glad story.
And sing all ye ransomed from death's dismal thrall;
In triumph ascend to the mansions of glory,
Forever, forever restored from the fall.

4 There, O there on the banks of the beautiful river,
Shall anthems of rapture unceasingly rise;
While angels and saints reunited forever,
Unite in the chorus that gladdens the skies.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

DR. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

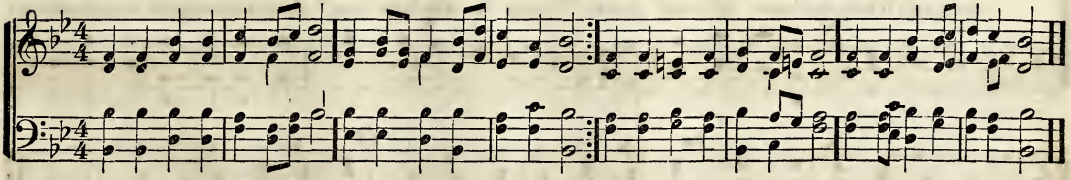
2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—A ransomed soul.

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

DR. MALAN.



1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end:
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

IN A MANGER LAID SO LOWLY.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. In a manger laid so low - ly, Came the Prince of Peace to earth; While a choir of an - gels
2. As the wise men from far Per'- sia Brought rich gifts to Jew-ry's King, Grateful love, a rich - er
3. Where Christ's joyful kingdom cometh, Deserts blos-som as the rose; And God's gracious rain de -

Spirited. f

ho - ly, Sang to cel - e -brate his birth. "Glo-ry in the high - est," Sang the glad an-gel - ic strain;
treasure, Would we as our offering bring. "Glo-ry in the high - est," Let us join th'-angel-ic strain;
scendeth, Where the coral isl - and grows. "Glo-ry in the high - est," Once more sing th'-angelic strain,

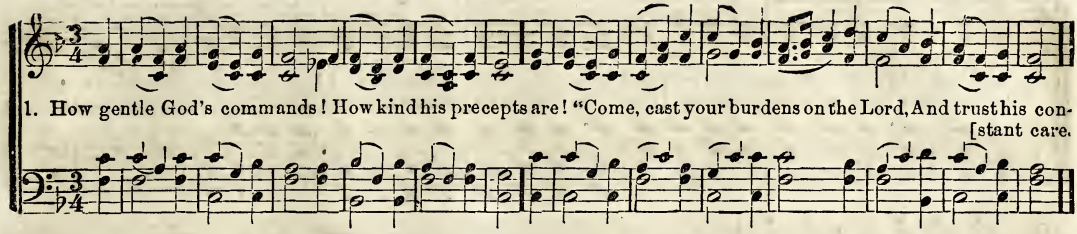
pp *ff*

"Glo - ry in the high - est," "Peace on earth, good will to men," "Peace on earth, good will to men."
"Glo - ry in the high - est," &c.

ff

DENNIS. S. M.

ARRANGED FROM NAGELI.



2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

2d Hymn. S. M.

1 Lord, fix our wandering thoughts,
Thy sacred word to hear
With deep attention and with love,
With reverence and with fear.

2 Let us remember still
That God is present here;
And let our hearts be all engaged
When we draw near in prayer.

3 And when the humble notes
Of praise our lips employ,
Give us to taste the sweet delight
Which saints in heaven enjoy.

4 Oh, may thy sacred word
Sink deep in every breast,
And let us all by grace be brought
To Christ, the promised rest.

3d Hymn. S. M.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invite us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4th Hymn. S. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wandering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son and Thee.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Sabbath-school's a place of prayer, I love to meet my teachers there, I love to meet my teach-ers there,
2. In God's own book we're taught to read How Christ for sinners groan'd and bled, How Christ for sinners groan'd and bled.

They teach me there that every one May find in heaven a happy home, May find in heaven a hap-py home.
That precious blood a ransom gave For sinful man, his soul to save, For sin - ful man his soul to save.

BOYS. ALL. BOYS. ALL.

I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath-school, I love to go, I love to go, I love to go to Sabbath-school.

3 In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath-day;
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend.
||: I love to go, I love to go,
I love to go to Sabbath-school. :||

4 And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more;
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And oh! what joy 'twill be to meet
||: In heaven above, in heaven above,
In heaven above, to part no more. :||

1. Je - ru - sa-lem the gold - en, With milk and ho - ney blest, Beneath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink

heart and voice to rest.. I know not—Oh! I know not What joys a-wait me there, What

ra - diancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond com - pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.

3 And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow,
Oh. state that fear'st no strife,
Oh, royal land of flowers,
Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed conntry,
The home of God's elect;
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

LORD'S DAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Spirited, but not to fast.

1. Christ, the Lord is risen to-day, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Hal - le -
2. Love's redeem - ing work is done, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - le -

lu - jah, praise the Lord. He who died up - on the cross, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! suffer'd to re -
lu - jah, praise the Lord. Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er, Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Lo! he sets in

FULL CHORUS.

deem our loss, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.
blood no more, Halle - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Follow our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

THE BIBLE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glories its pa-ges un-fold; It
2. The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! blest volume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the sea-son of youth! It

speaks of a Saviour, and tells of His love; It shows us the way to the mansions a-bove, It
bids us seek ear-ly the pearl of great price, Ere th'heart is enslav'd in the bond-age of vice, Ere th'

shows us the way to the mansions above.
heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our Schools.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy name,
May Thy kingdom holy, on earth be the same;
O give to us daily our portion of bread;
It is from Thy bounty that all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And Thine be the glory forever. Amen.

GRAND MILLENIUM SONG.

ARRANGED FOR THIS WORK.

Animated.

FINE.

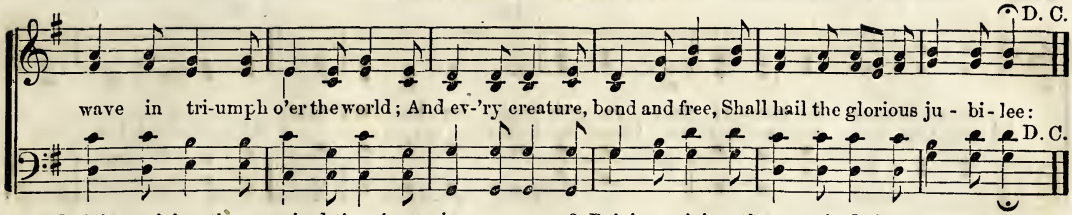
1. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re-joice, re - joice, the wil-der-ness shall bloom,
D. C. Re - joice, re - joice, the promised time is coming, Re-joice, re - joice, the wil-der-ness shall bloom,

FINE.

And Zi-on's children then shall sing, "The deserts all are blossoming:" Re - joice, re - joice the

promised time is coming, Re-joice, re-joice, the wilderness shall bloom, The Gospel banner, wide unfurl'd, Shall

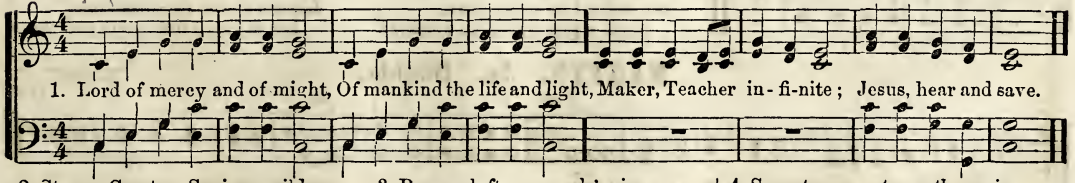
GRAND MILLENIUM SONG. Concluded.



2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing;
From Zion shall the law go forth,
And all shall hear from south to north:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing·
And truth shall sit on every hill,
And blessings flow in every rill,
And praise shall every heart employ,
And every voice shall shout with joy:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, Jerusalem shall sing.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign,
And lambs shall with the leopard play,
For nought shall harm in Zion's way:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

LORD OF MERCY AND OF MIGHT.



2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a little child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,—
Jesus! hear and save.

3 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Throned above celestial things,
Lord of lords, and King of kings—
Jesus! hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,—
Jesus! hear and save.

WORDS BY A. DICKINSON.

JACOB'S PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st 2d

1. All night long till break of day, Ja - cob wept his bit - ter prayer,
Till the An - gel on his way, Christ the [OMIT.....] An - gel blest him there.

I'm a nee - dy sin - ner too, Torn with an - guish, guilt and fear, I to Je - sus too will

go, Go and bathe his feet with tears.

2 Jesus, at thy cross I lie
All night long till break of day;
Perish here, if I must die—
Unforgiv'n, go not away.
Saviour, wilt thou take my heart?
It is all I have to give.
Sin-defiled in every part,
Such a gift wilt thou receive?

3 Oh, how kindly Jesus spake:
"Go in peace—all is forgiven.
Wilt thou all for me forsake,
Love, and follow me to heaven?"
Jesus, I thy goodness bless,
And with wondering love adore;
Let me never love thee less.
Let me love thee more and more.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

MARSH.

FINE. D.C.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

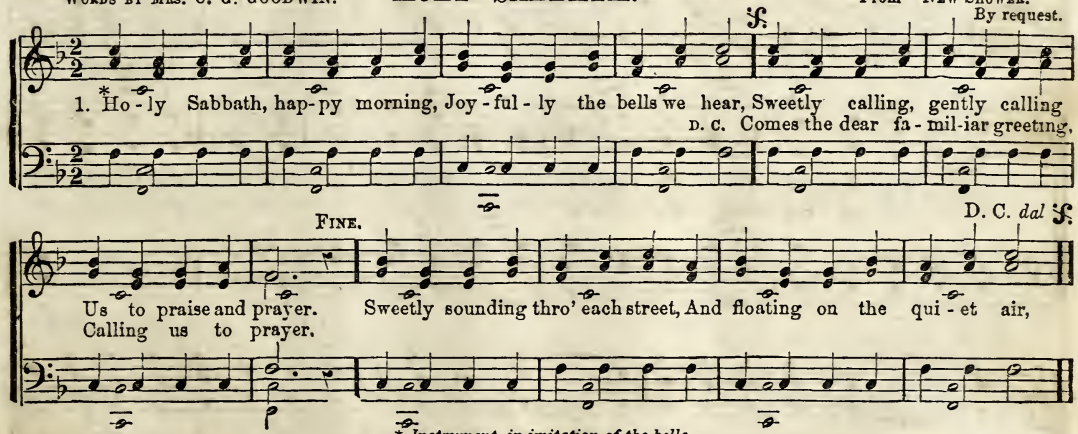
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

WORDS BY MRS. C. G. GOODWIN.

HOLY SABBATH.

FROM "NEW SHOWER."
By request.



* *Instrument, in imitation of the bells.*

2 Holy Sabbath, glad young voices,
Welcome you with joyous song,
While the aged heart rejoices
With the youthful throng.
May the light of this blest morning,
Every youthful heart illume
With a cheerful sacred presence,
That shall banish gloom.

3 Basking in the holy radiance
Of this blessed Sabbath morn,
May the blessed angels keep us,
Till another dawn,
And when earth's best, purest love-light
Fadeth from our sight away,
May our risen Saviour take us
To his endless day.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

MY HOME IS THERE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, Above the ills.. and cares of life, Where all is
2. Where liv - ing foun - tains sweet - ly flow, Where buds and flowers im - mortal grow, Where trees their

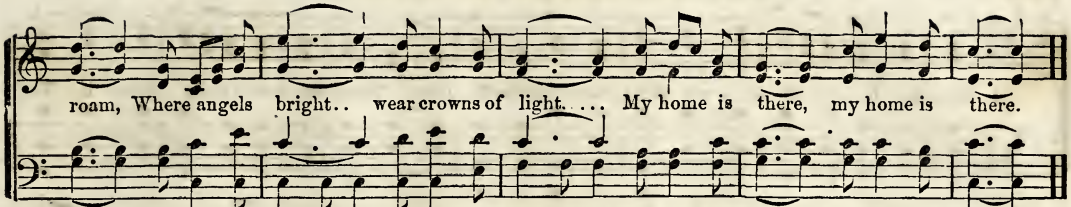
CHORUS.

peace - ful, bright, and fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti - ful
fruits ce - les - tial bear; My home is there, My home is there. My beau-ti - ful

My

home,..... My beau - ti - ful home,.... In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall

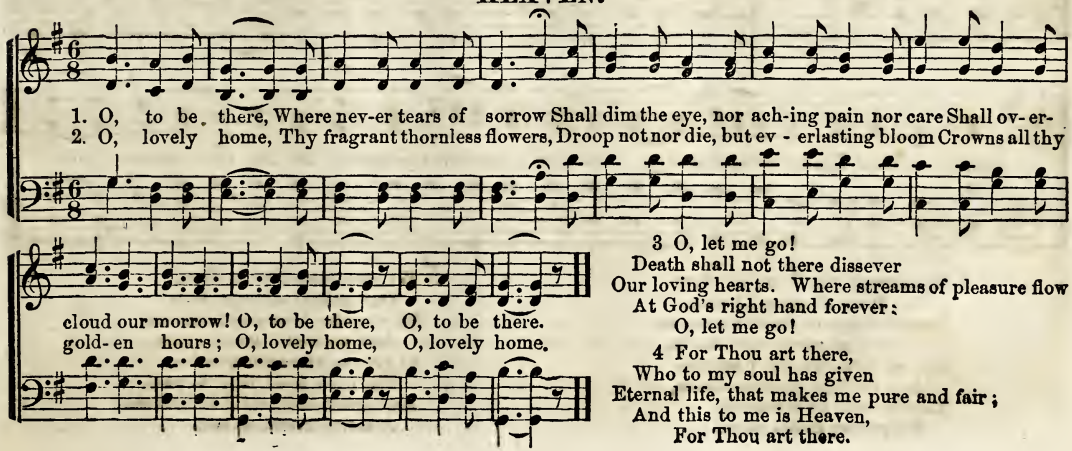
beau- ti - ful home,.... My beau-ti-ful home, In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall



3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,
Away from worldly loss and gain,
From all temptation, tears and eare;
My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;
My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

HEAVEN.



3 O, let me go!
Death shall not there dissever
Our loving hearts. Where streams of pleasure flow
At God's right hand forever:
O, let me go!

4 For Thou art there,
Who to my soul has given
Eternal life, that makes me pure and fair;
And this to me is Heaven,
For Thou art there.

 Words by Rev J. H. GILMORE. **S. S. DEDICATION HYMN.** * * *

1. We de - di - cate to Je - sus Our pleasant Sabbath home; 'Twas ours,—we free-ly give it To Him, and Him a - lone. And O, whene'er we gath - er Within these sacred walls, Be His the smile that greets us, And His the voice that calls, Be His the smile that greets us, And His the voice that calls.

2 'Tis strange the King of glory,
The Head of Angel Bands,
Should deign to dwell among us
In temples made with hands.
But we have felt his presence
And still the promise claim,
That he will be wherever
We gather in his name.

3 We give ourselves to Jesus,
Our talents and our time;
Thy tender love constrains us,
And we would fain be thine.
O give us strength to labor
Till life's brief hour is past,
And grant each child and teacher
A starry crown at last.

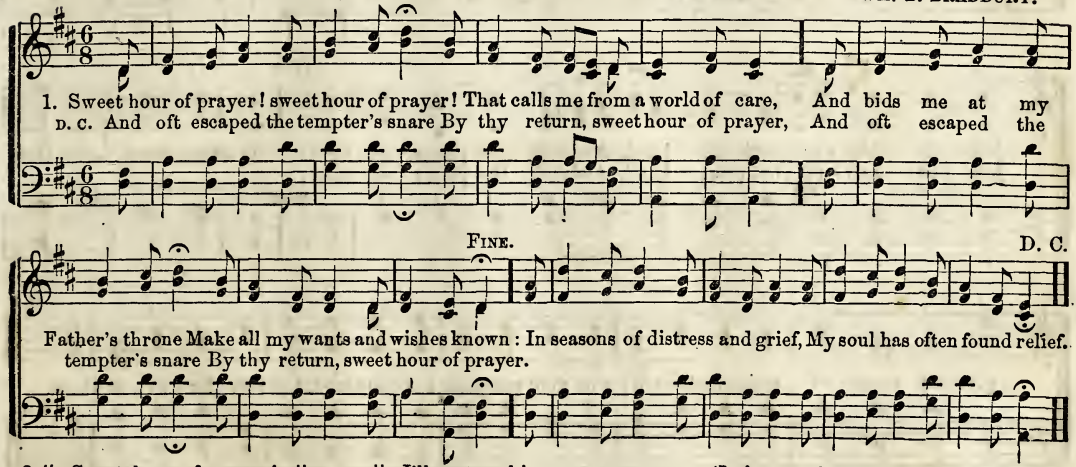
1 I want to live for Jesus,
To bear his cross below,
And suffer if 'tis needful
My earnest love to show.
I want an humble spirit,
The Christian race to run,
And say whate'er befalls me,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

2 I want to live for Jesus,
And serve him day by day,
To labor in his vineyard,
And always watch and pray;
Though every tie of nature
The hand of death should break,
I want a faith in Jesus,
That grief can never shake.

3 I want to die in Jesus,
And shout his power to save,
When on the bank of Jordan
I mark its rolling wave;
And when I rise triumphant
To Canaan's happy shore,
I want to reign with Jesus,
When time shall be no more

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



2 ||: Sweet hour of prayer! :||
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
||: I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :||

3 ||: Sweet hour of prayer! :||
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

COME, JOIN OUR BAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair, all fair and bright, Come
D. C. We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair, all fair and bright, Come

join our hap - py youth-ful band, And seek the plains of light; O come, come, come, Our
join our hap - py youth-ful band, And seek the plains of light,

FINE.

glorious songs of triumph share, We soon shall reach the heavenly land, And rest for - ev - er there.

D. C.

2 The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is freely, freely given;
The living waters from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven. *Cho.*

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
For all are happy, happy there;
And youthful voices there shall join
With the angelic choir. *Cho.*

4 Our faithful teachers point the way
And guide our youthful steps aright;
To yonder world of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light. *Cho.*

SABBATH-SCHOOL PRAYER.

Spirited.

1. How great is the blessing of Sabbath-school pray'r, And how good for the christian it is to be there; A - way from temp - tation, from er - ror and wrong, Where the mourner finds comfort, the weak are made strong; The blessed place of prayer, 'tis sweet to be there.

2 We read in the bible that prayer shall prevail,
That with earnest petition no good thing shall fail;
Then is it not precious when burdened with care,
To enjoy the rich blessing of Sabbath-school prayer.
The blessed place of prayer, 'tis sweet to be there.

3 Let teachers and scholars look upward to day,
And give thanks to the Father who taught them to pray;
Who gives them all favor, but none to compare
With the heavenly blessing of Sabbath-school prayer.
The blessed place of prayer, 'tis sweet to be there.

BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE.

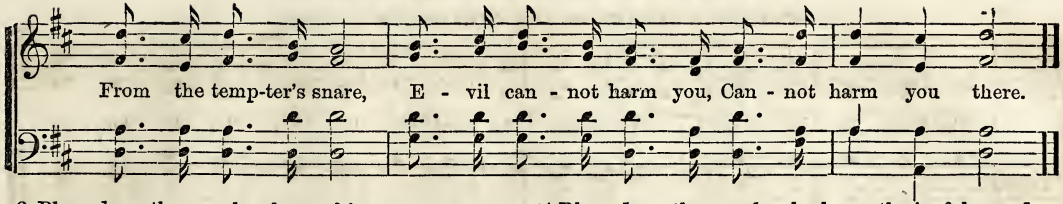
WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Blessed are the peo - ple that know the joyful sound, Still with peace and plenty they are crowned;
2. Blessed are the peo - ple whose trust is in the Lord, Walking in the council of his word;

God is ev - er with them their refuge and their might, They shall dwell together in his ho - ly light.
They shall be ex - alt - ed who love his ho - ly name, They shall never, never seek his face in vain.

CHORUS.

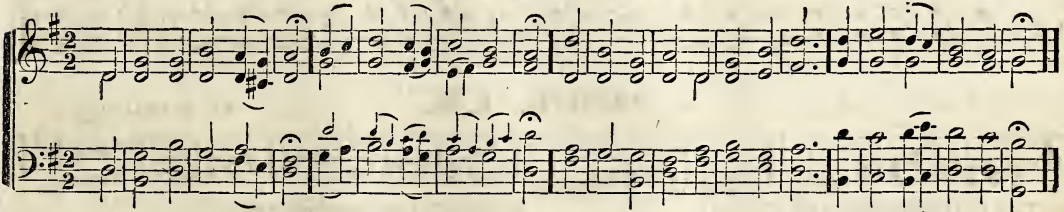
Praise him ye nations, great is your king, Un - der the sha - dow of his wing, He will keep you safe - ly



3 Blessed are the people who on his arm repose,
Looking to the hills whence comfort flows;
They shall grow and flourish who in his strength abide,
Like the trees that blossom by the river's side.
CHO.—Praise him, ye nations, etc.

4 Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound,
Still with peace and plenty they are crowned;
God is ever with them, their refuge and their might,
They shall dwell together in his holy light.
CHO.—Praise him, ye nations, etc.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let all the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes His brow;
No bolts to drive our guity souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

SCRIPTURE SENTENCE, FOR OPENING OR CLOSING.

1. The Lord is in his ho - ly temple, The Lord is in his ho - ly. tem - ple

Let all the earth keep silence be - fore him, Let all the earth keep silence be - fore him.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! How mildly beam the closing eyes,
When sinks a weary soul to rest How gently heaves th'expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

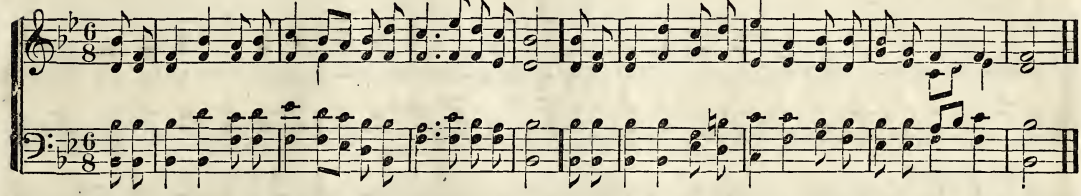
2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful slumber be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

EVENING PRAYER.

D. E. JONES.



1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us;
Bless thy little lambs to-night:
Through the darkness be thou near us;
Keep us safe till morning light,

2 All this day thy hand has led us,
And we thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us,
Listen to our evening prayer!

3 May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends we love so well;
Take us, when we die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

2d Hymn. 8s & 7s.

1 Love and kindness we may measure
By this simple rule alone:
Do we mind our neighbor's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?

2 We should always care for others,
Nor suppose ourselves the best;
Let us love like friends and brothers—
'Twas the Saviour's last request.

3 His example we should borrow,
Who forsook his throne above,
And endured such pain and sorrow,
Out of tenderness and love.

4 When a selfish thought would seize us,
And our resolution break,
Let us then remember Jesus,
And resist it for his sake.

3d Hymn. 8s & 7.

1 To the wandering and the weary,
Everywhere on land and sea,
Jesus calls in tones of mercy,
"Come, dear children, come to me."

2 From our home, our household altar,
When our father bends the knee,
Oft we hear a voice inviting,
"Come, dear children, come to me."

3 When at night upon our pillow,
We have raised our prayer to thee,
Then we felt the word unspoken,
"Come, dear children, come to me."

4 Oft we hear it when our teachers
Talk to us of Calvary:
In our hearts its tones re-echo.—
"Come, dear children, come to me."

5 When we pass death's troubled river,
Calm and peaceful it will be,
If we hear that voice of voices,
"Come, dear children, come to me."

THE CHILDREN'S TE DEUM.

CHORUS.—*Vigoroso.* HENRY TUCKER.

We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou who only art di-vine; No name is worthy such homage as thine; Our heart's a-dor-a-tion for-ev-er we will glad-ly bring To thee, our Redeem-er, Cre-a-tor, and King.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. To meet the glad echoes our voices we raise, And join with our souls in the anthem of praise;
2. For mercies unnumber'd, for ten-der-est care, For blessings thy children so bounteous-ly share:
3. For all the sweet promis-es faith-ful-ly given, For all the bright hopes that look forward to heaven:
4. Our voi-ces in chorus ex-ult-ing-ly rise, To join with the an-gels whose songs fill the skies:

CHORUS.

We praise thee, we bless thee! Thou, who only art di-vine, For no name is worthy such homage as thine

SOLO.

1. With an - - - gels in glo - - ry, We her - ald the sto - ry, Glad ti - - dings of
2. Now joy - - ful-ly blend - - ing, With rap - - ture as-cend - ing, Our tri - - bute of
3. Our hearts.... warmly glow - ing. With mel - - o - dy flow - ing, All glo - ry and
4. Ye an - - - gels in glo - - ry, Still her - - ald the sto - ry, Sing prais - - es for-

D. C. *CODA after last verse.*

joy and peace Thro' our Sa - viour and King. We praise thee, we bless thee, Thou who only art divine,
praise to thee, Blessed Sa - viour and King.
praise to thee, Blessed Sa - viour and King.
ev - er more To our Sa - viour and King.

D. C.

No name is worthy such homage as thine; Our heart's adoration for-ev-er we will gladly bring To thee, our Cre-

a - tor Redeem-er and King. Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Amen. Halle-lujah, Amen, A - men.

 WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

THE PORT OF PEACE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Spirited.

1. Where, O where is yon ves - sel go - ing, See her now on the wa - ters blue;
2. Mil - lions now to that ves - sel flock-ing, Young and old on the deck they stand;
3. Praise the Lord, 'tis the old ship Zi - on, Je - sus is her Captain's name;
4. Quick! on board, she has weigh'd her an - chor, Quick! on board, for the wind is fair;

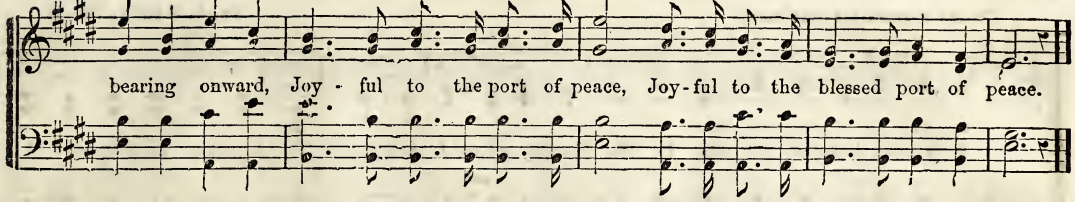
All her sails in the breeze are float - ing, Hear the song of her gal - lant crew.
Yet there's room and a hear - ty wel - come, Pas - sage free to the promised land.
Col - ors bright from her mast are fly - ing. We have heard of her no - ble fame.
World, a - dieu, we are sail - ing on - ward, Heaven's our home, and our hearts are there.

CHORUS.

Haste on board, 'tis the Captain calling, We are waiting, we are wait - ing, Precious souls we are

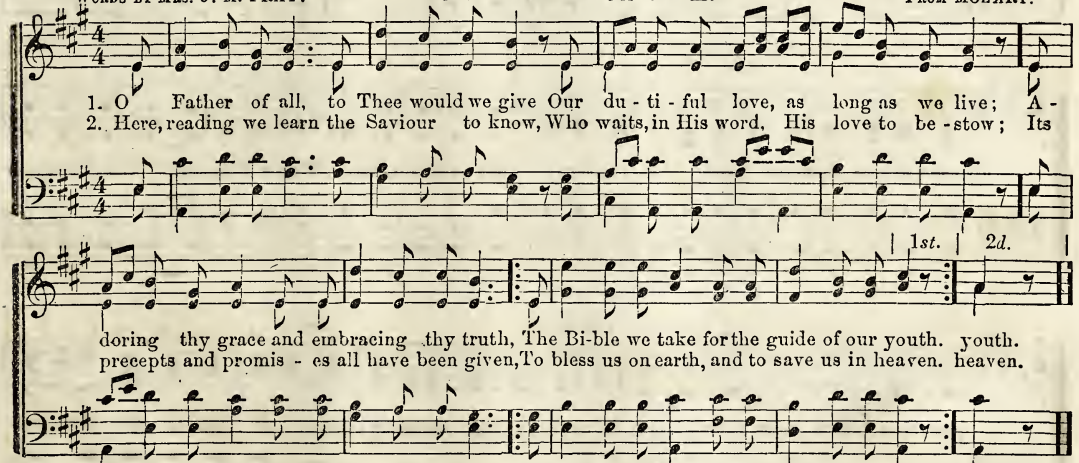
All on board, 'tis the Captain call - ing, We are sail-ing, we are sail - ing, Precious souls, &c.

Chorus to last stanza.



O FATHER OF ALL.

WORDS BY MRS. J. M. PRAY. FROM MOZART.



3 Salvation we take and burn to impart
The love that we feel transforming the heart:
Dear Saviour, O help us henceforth to proclaim
To perishing sinners the grace of thy name.

4 Our Sunday School bless, and help us to win
The children, who now are walking in sin;
Speed on the glad time, when with joy we may say,
A nation is born to our Lord in a day.

VOICES, HAPPY VOICES.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. DR. L. MASON, 1830. *

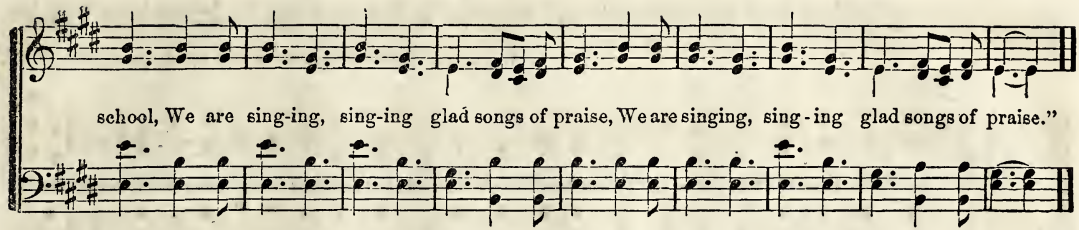
1. Voices, hap-py voi - ces, In the Sunday-school I heard, I hurried a - long, and I

chanced to see A youthful band, and they said to me, "Why will you linger, Why will you stay, Turn from your

CHORUS.

past-time, turn from your play. O come to the Sun-day - school, O come to the Sun-day-

* "Flowers, wild wood flowers."

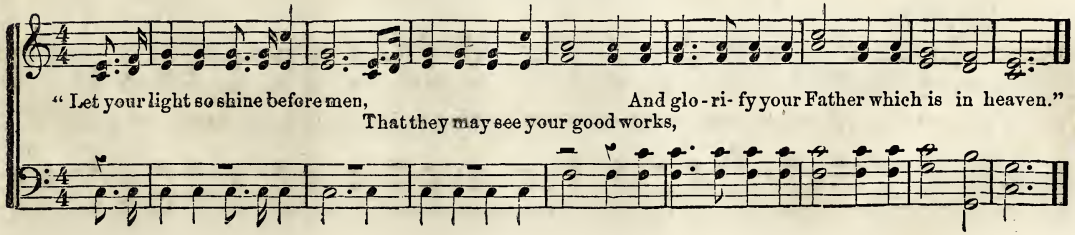


2 ||: Voices, happy voices,
On the gentle summer breeze, :||
How sweetly they come to the wanderers heart,
And bid the tear of repentance start;
List to the chorus, what does it say?
Turn from your pastime, turn from your play. *Cho.*

3 ||: Voices, happy voices,
From the Sunday-school arise, :||
The erring they lead to the path of right,
And make the soul of the mourner bright,
Telling of rapture, telling of rest,
Pointing to Zion, home of the blest. *Cho.*

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

SCRIPTURE SENTENCE.



CHORUS OF FIRE.

"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with FIRE: and them that had gotten the victory, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they SING THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE SONG OF THE LAMB." Rev. xv. 2, 3.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. R. LOWRY. By permission.

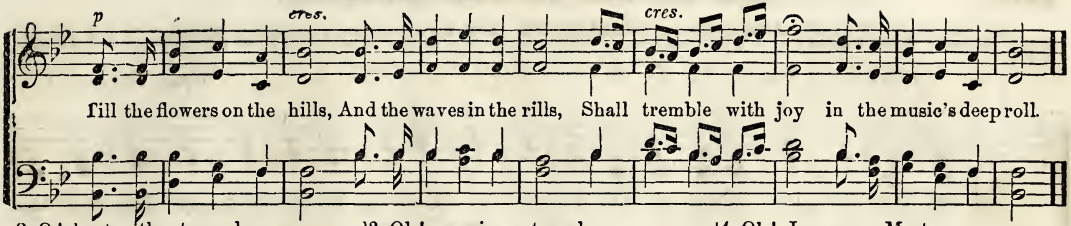
Jubilant.

1. O! gold-en Hereaf - ter, Thine ev-'ry bright raft-er Will shake in the thunder of sanctified song; And ev - 'ry swift an - gel Proclaim an e - van- gel, To summon God's saints to the glo - ri - fied throng!

CHORUS.

f

Oh! chorus of fire, That will burst from God's choir, When the loud halle - lu - jahs leap up from the soul,

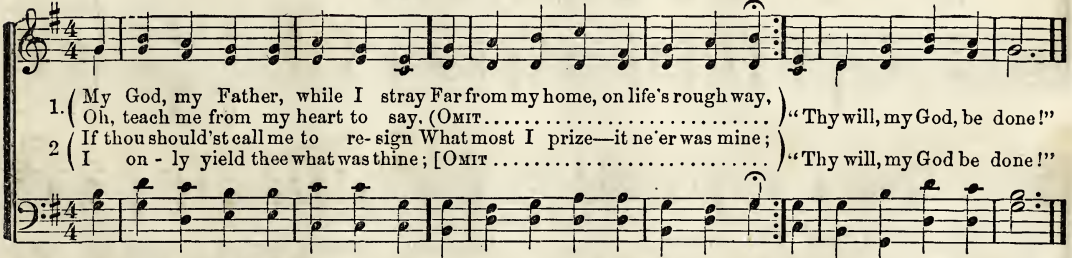


2 O! host without number,
Awaked from death's slumber,
Who walk in white robes on the emerald shore,
The glory is o'er you,
The throne is before you,
And weeping will come to your spirits no more.

3 Oh! mansions eternal,
In fields ever vernal,
Awaiting your tenantry ransomed from sin,
We'll stand on your pavement,
No more in enslavement,
With home-songs to Jesus who welcomes us in.

4 Oh! Jesus, our Master,
Command to beat faster
These weary life-pulses that bring us to Thee,
'Till, past the dark portal,
We stand up immortal,
And sweep with hosannas the jasper-lit sea.

THY WILL BE DONE.



1. My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say. (OMIT ..... "Thy will, my God, be done!"

2 If thou should'st call me to re-sign What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I on-ly yield thee what was thine; [OMIT ..... "Thy will, my God be done!"

3 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,
Thy will, my God, be done!

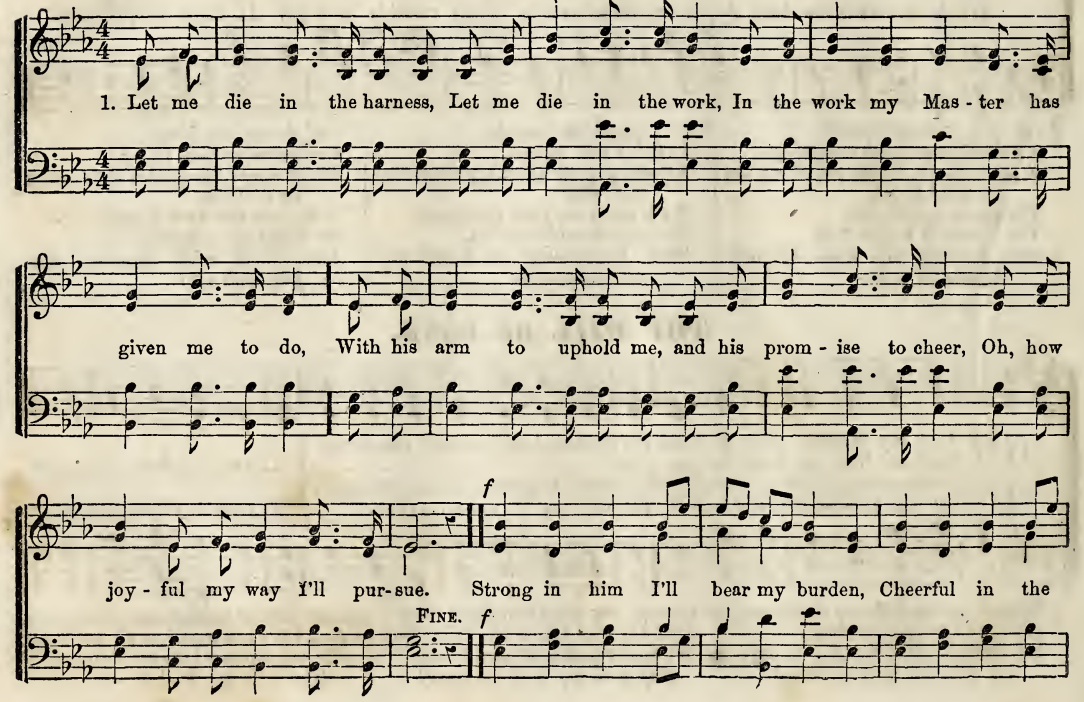
4 Control my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whatever makes it hard to say,
Thy will, my God, be done!

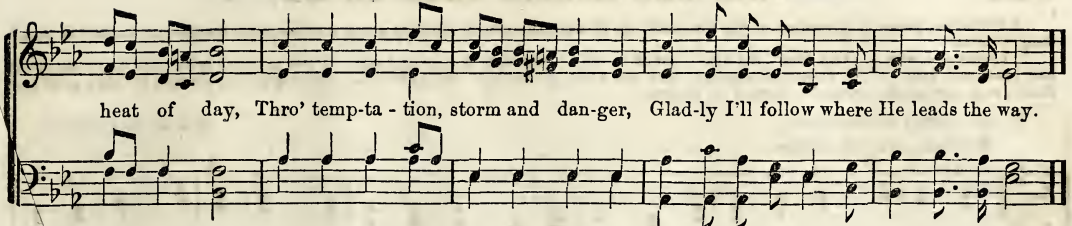
5 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
And life's sad conflicts all are o'er,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will, my God, be done!

LET ME DIE IN THE HARNESS.

"God grant that you may drop down in the HARNESS. God give you the privilege of working to the last moment."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

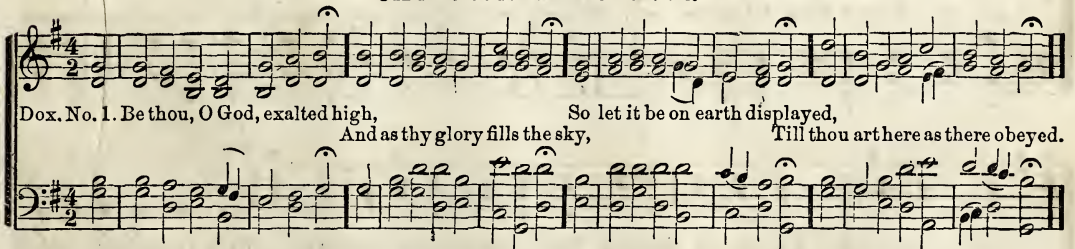




2 Let my hand never weary, let my heart never faint,
He has said his grace is sufficient for me;
Let me work in the vineyard, let me work in the field,
For my Master who suffered for me.
I am His, I feel, I know it,
Blest assurance, faith divine,
O 'tis sweet for Him to labor,
Jesus, my Saviour, what rapture is mine.

3 With my lamp trimmed and burning, and my staff in my hand,
While the gospel truth for my sandals I wear;
May my Lord, when he cometh, find me still in the work,
Ever faithful! and watching in prayer;
Then through Him to life awaking,
I shall see his smiling face,
On seraphic pinions wafted
Rest me forever in His dear embrace.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



Dox. No. 2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Dox. No. 3. To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One.
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

WILL THE ANGELS COME TO ME?

A little boy, formerly a member of the GreeneSt. M. E. Sabbath-school, recently wrote a letter to his teacher, an extract of which we give below:

"I have met with a great loss. My dear mother is dead! She died happy in Jesus! A few minutes before her death she raised her head and said: "Oh, I see the angels! they are coming, they are coming!" then, turning to me, she said: "Be a good boy, Eddie, and meet me in heaven!"—EDWIN C. CURTIS.

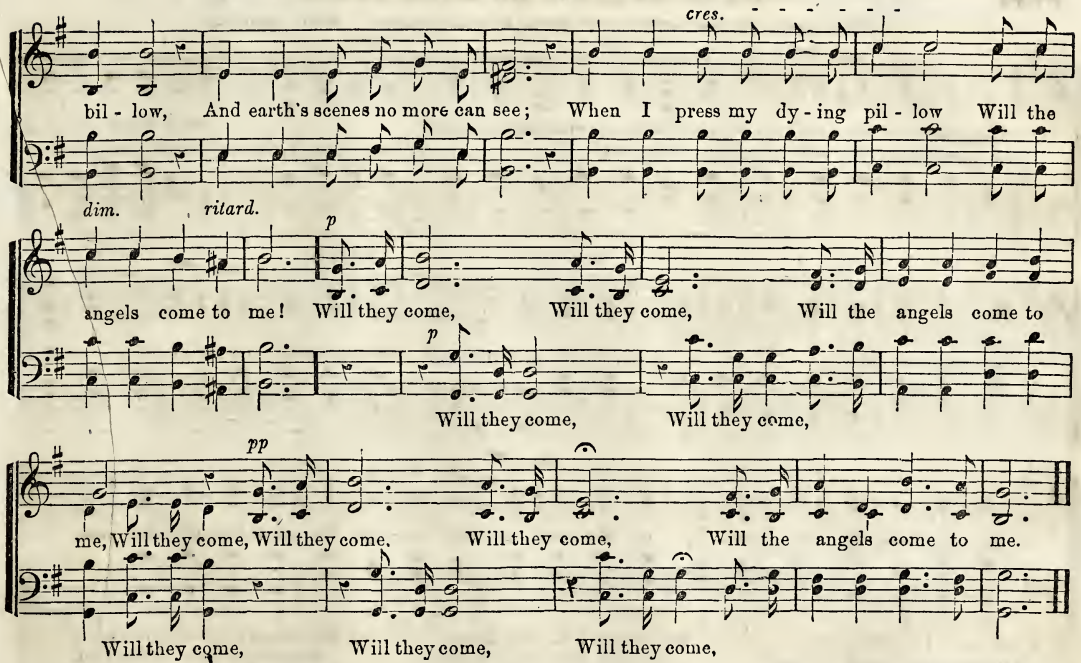
WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Moderato, with expression.

1. Oh, I see the shining angels, Gath'ring round my dy - ing bed; With their harps and crowns of glo - ry. Thus a faith - ful mother said: While ce- les - tial songs were ringing Thro' the heavenly courts a- bove, Seraphs came from glo - ry bringing Blessed words of peace and love. When I near death's stormy

CHORUS.

Expressive and distinct.



2 Earthly joys, I know, are fleeting;
Earthly pleasures quickly go;
But the joys that last forever,
From the heavenly fountain flow!
When released from life's short duty.
My glad spirit would be free;—
From that land of peace and beauty,
Will the angels come to me. Cho.

3 Oh, how sweet to feel their presence,
In the hushed and silent room;
With their bright and shining faces,
Gilding all the dreaded gloom!
When from loved friends I've parted,
And their tears are flowing free;
When from Jordan's banks I've started,
Will the angels come to me?

116 WORDS BY S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH JESUS?

REV. R. LOWRY.

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" Matt. xxvii. 22.

1ST 2D

1. What shall I do with Je - sus, The Christ who may be mine? Ac - cept him as my Sa - viour, Or [OMIT.....] spurn the gift divine? His on - ly Son God And Christ I take to

1ST 2D CHORUS.

gave me—I must, I do de - cide; save me, Or [OMIT.....] Christ is now de - nied. "What shall I do with Je - sus?" I'll

give my heart to Je - sus! Up - on the tree on Cal - va - ry, He gave his life for me.

2 What shall I do with Jesus,
The precious Lamb of God?
I cast my soul upon him—
He bathes it in his blood;
I'll gratefully confess him
Before the vile and just;
My ransomed powers shall bless him,
My sure and only trust.

3 What shall I do with Jesus?
For him the cross I'll take;
All earthly losses suffer,
Ere I the Lord forsake.
In scenes of joy and sighing,
His love shall be the same;
While living and in dying
I'll glory in his name.

4 What now I do with Jesus,
When this brief life is past,
With me will be remembered
Before his bar at last.
He will not then disown me
With those who hate and scoff;
At his right hand he'll crown me—
He will not cast me off.

THE SHINING HILLS OF GLORY.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. W. M. B. BRADBURY.

1. O come to the hills of glo - ry, And leave this gloomy vale of sin, The gate of grace stands

CHORUS.

op - en, And you may en - ter in. The shining hills of glo - ry, How brightly do they stand, We'll

soon be there to - geth - er, All safe at God's right hand, Safe, safe, safe, All safe at God's right hand.

2 O come to the hills of glory,
O come, where endless pleasures reign,
Lay down your heavy burden
Of grief, and care, and pain. *Cho.*

3 O come to the hills of glory,
Why will you linger trifling here,
The blessed Saviour calls you,
The friend who loves you dear. *Cho.*

4 O come to the hills of glory,
By angel footsteps gently trod,
There you may dwell forever,
In blessed peace with God. *Cho.*

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK.

TEACHERS' PRAYER.

1. Dear Father, grant our earnest pray'r, While here we meekly bow before thee, That those commited to our care May
2. Oh, may we true and faithful prove, To those young souls so weak and tender, That we in that e - ternal day, To

in a brighter world adore thee; And should the sweet and glorious sound Of "welcome home" to us be given; Oh
God a just account may render: And when we lay us down to die, And life's frail cord at last is riven; May

what a glorious sight 'twould be To see our Sabbath-school in heav'n, To see our Sabbath-school in heaven.
we with shining garments meet This much lov'd Sabbath-school in heav'n, This much lov'd Sabbath-school in heaven.

1st and 2d SEMI-CHORUS.

1 O the hap-py time is coming When the gos-pel trumpets sound, Shall be heard by ev-ery
When the vale shall be ex-alt-ed, And the verdant hills re-joice, And the o-cean join the

CHORUS.

na-tion, To the earth's re-mo-test bound;
cho-rus, With a loud tri-umph-ant voice. Lo! the morn-ing light will break, And the

day is drawing nigh, Yes, a glorious time is coming soon, We shall hail it by and by.

2 O the happy time is coming
When the cry of war shall cease,
And the standard of our Saviour,
Be the olive branch of peace;
Underneath our vine and fig-tree
We will never be afraid,
There is none will dare molest us,
In their calm and quiet shade. *Cho.*

3 O the happy time is coming
By our Father's once foretold,
It is promised in the Bible,
It was sung by prophets old;
They who sit in heathen darkness,
Soon the morning light shall see,
And the world, with songs of triumph,
Hail the glorious jubilee. *Cho.*

OUR VICTORY.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

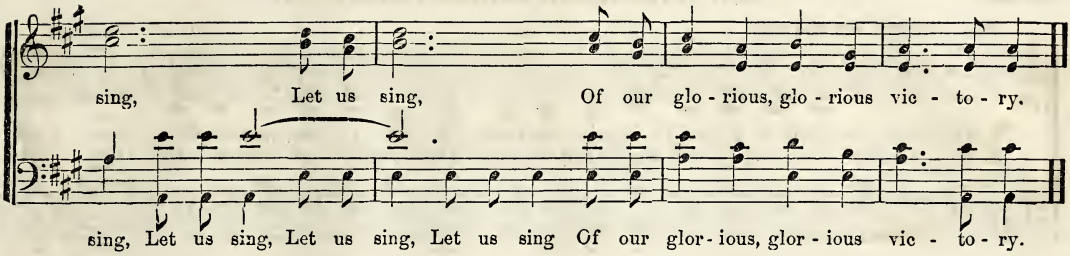
Spirited—Allegro.

1. We are marching on to glo - ry, We are marching on to glo - ry, We are marching on to glo - ry. Lift the gospel banner high,
Listen to the wondrous sto - ry, List-en to the wondrous sto - ry, Listen to the wondrous sto - ry, How he gained the victo-ry,

How we found the glorious way, Leading to the happy gates of glorious way,

day, Let us sing, Let us sing Of our glorious, glorious vic - to - ry, Let us day, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing, Let us sing.

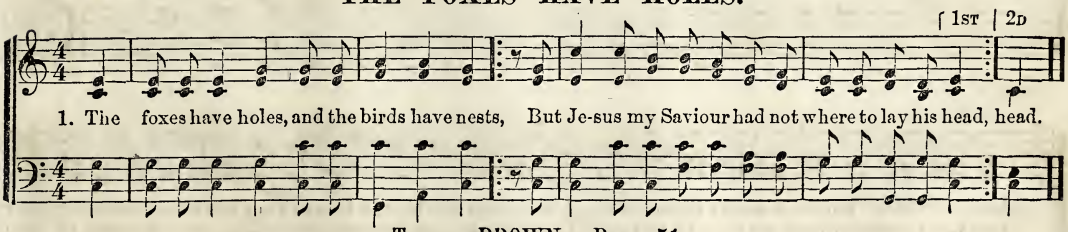
OUR VICTORY. Concluded.



2 ||: When beset by sore temptation :||
Satan's host against us rose,
||: With the armor of salvation :||
Did we triumph o'er our foes;
Now we praise the Lord on high
For our glorious, glorious victory.
Let us sing, etc.

3 ||: When the clouds were dark above us, :||
And the storm came on apace,
||: He who cares for us and loves us, :||
Was our shield and hiding place;
Under his protecting wing,
Now rejoicing gladly we will sing.
Let us sing, etc.

THE FOXES HAVE HOLES.



Tune. BROWN. Page 51.

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

LET THE GOOD ANGELS COME IN.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. They hov - er around us, bright angels are near, To glo - ry im - mor-tal they win; Then
2. To comfort the lone-ly, and strengthen the weak, Their mission of mer-cy and love; And

glad - ly we'll o - pen the door of our hearts, And let the good an - gels come in; How
oft on their beau-ti - ful pinions of light, They bear our pe - ti - tions a - bove. O

kind - ly our Father has sent them to keep A watch o'er his children below; They're with us in slumber, their
let them come in, they are ho - ly and pure, Their presence how tenderly sweet; They echo the song of the

eyes nev - er sleep, They're with us where-ev - er we go. Let them come in, let them come in,
hap - py and blest, They learn at Im-man - u - el's feet.

Let the good angels come in, come in; Let them come in, let them come in, Let the good an - gels come in.

Repeat softly.

Come in,..... Come in,..... Good an - - gels come in....

Then let the good an - gels come in, come in, Then let the good an - gels come in....

SABBATH JOYS.

Cheerfully.

1. Gladly I hail the morning of the Sabbath day, Gladly with joyous spir - it, Then I haste a - way

To my pleasant Sabbath duties, Better far than earthly gold Fitting me for priceless treasure In the heav'nly fold.

CHORUS.

Blow heav'nly breezes, Balmy zephyrs soft and cool, Waft your sweet and dewy fragrance Over our Sabbath-school.

2 Dearly I love thy pleasures,
Precious Sabbath-school,
Where I can learn the meaning
Of the golden rule;
Doing good each day to others,
As to me I'd have them do,
Lessons taught by earnest teachers,
Faithful, kind, and true. *Cho.*

3 Teach me, O blessed Saviour,
As I try to pray,
Rightly to spend the moments
Of the Sabbath-day;
Dearly still I love thy pleasures,
Precious, precious Sabbath-school,
Where my heart can learn the meaning
Of the golden rule. *Cho.*

1. I am wait - ing by the riv - er, And my heart has wait-ed long; Now I think I hear the cho - rus Of the an - gels welcome song, Oh, I see the dawn is break - ing On the hill - tops of the blest, "Where the wick-ed cease from troub - ling, And the wea - ry be at rest.

2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years;
O! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

126 WORDS BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER. **"OUR RULE."** WM. B. BRADBURY.

Not too fast.

1. It should ev - er be our rule, When we go to Sabbath-school, To have bright and hap - py
2. When the truths of God we hear, We should lend a willing ear, List'ning to the word thus

fa - ces, And be ear - ly in our pla - ces, Al - ways hap - py, al - ways neat,
spo - ken, With a si - lence all un - brok - en, Sow - ing thus the pre - cious seed,

When our teachers dear we greet, When we greet, When our teachers dear we greet.
That shall blossom in our need, In our need, That shall blossom in our need.

3 When the prayer ascends on high,
We should sit with downcast eye,
Lifting up our hearts to heaven,
Praying that his grace be given,
That his kind and loving care
May go with us everywhere.

4 We will sing the songs we love,
Mingling with the songs above,
Joining in the joyful chorus
Praise to God who reigneth o'er us,
This shall ever be our rule
In our pleasant Sunday-school.

WATER IS FREE.

Spirited.

1. Children, come, while onward pressing, Sing cheeri-ly, Thanks for bounteous nature's blessing, To you and me, No money is required to buy; Enough to cheer and sat-is-fy, The clouds distil, the springs supply, Wa-ter is free. Wa-ter, pure wa-ter, yes, wa-ter is free, is free, Wa-ter, pure wa-ter, yes, wa-ter is free.

2 Where the rainbow arch is gleaming,
Fair 'tis to see;
Where the mountain rills are streaming
So pleasantly;
Where lakes in placid beauty lie;
Where fleecy clouds go sailing by;
Where ocean rolls we hear the cry,
Water is free.

3 Not from earth, or sky, nor ocean,
All, all may see,
Comes the drunkard's fatal potion;
Far, far from me
Shall be the drink that hurts the soul!
And I'll not touch the costly bowl,
While brooks shall run and rivers roll,
Water is free.

4 Come, then, children, join in singing
Most heartily;
Thanks for crystal water springing
For you and me.
O, may our lives be like its flow,
So pure and clear while here below,
Towards the living streams we go,
Water is free.

JOY! JOY! JOY! (The Prodigal's Return.)

WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke xv, 10.

1st time p—2d time f

END.

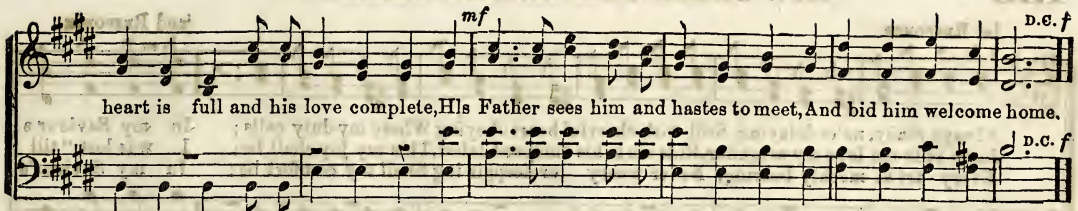
1. Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the angels; Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigals return!

END.

He has come, he has come, to his Fa - ther's house at last; He was lost, he is

mp *A little slower.*

found, And the night of gloom is past. Blessed hour of joy, and commun - ion sweet, For his

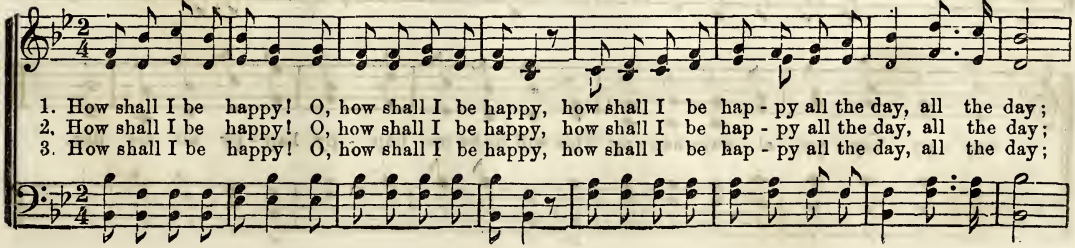


2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding,
Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return;
Hark! the song, hark! the song,
'Tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home,
To thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears;
Of repentant grief, over wasted years,
The pardoning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home. *Cho.* Joy! &c.

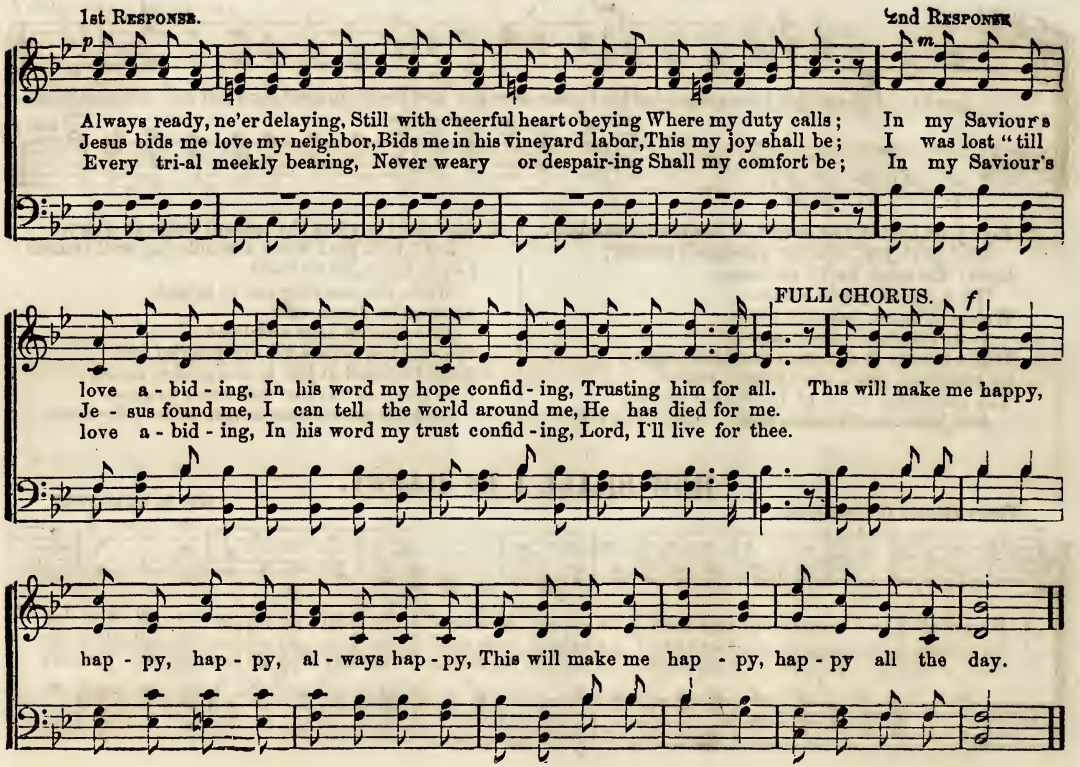
3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory,
Joy! joy! joy! when a wandering soul returns;
Let us haste, let us haste,
While the morning sun is bright,
Jesus calls, Jesus calls,
To a land of love and light.
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street,
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home. *Cho.* Joy! &c.

HOW SHALL I BE HAPPY.

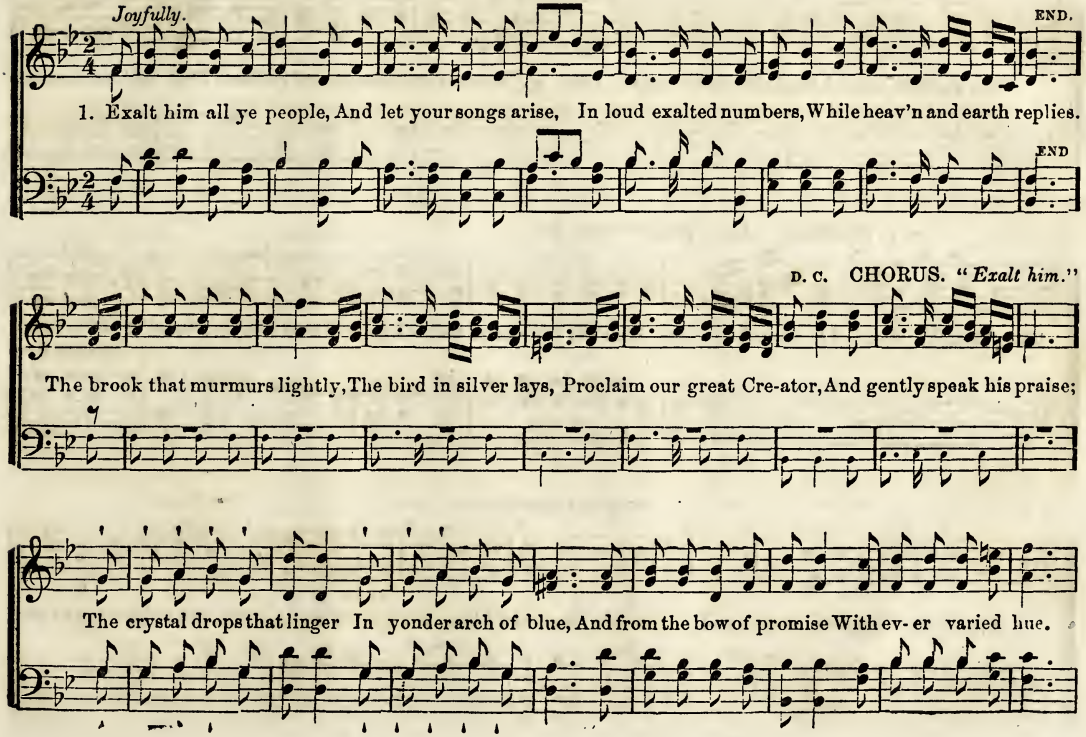
WORDS WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK. WM. B. BRADBURY.

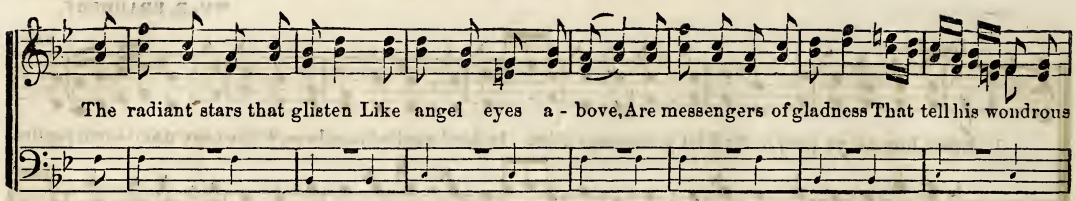


HOW SHALL I BE HAPPY. Concluded.

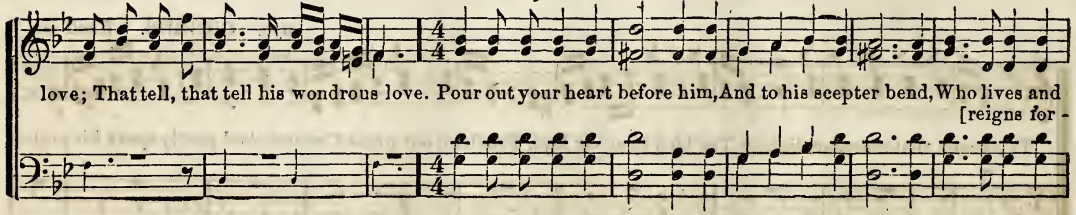


WM. B. BRADBURY.

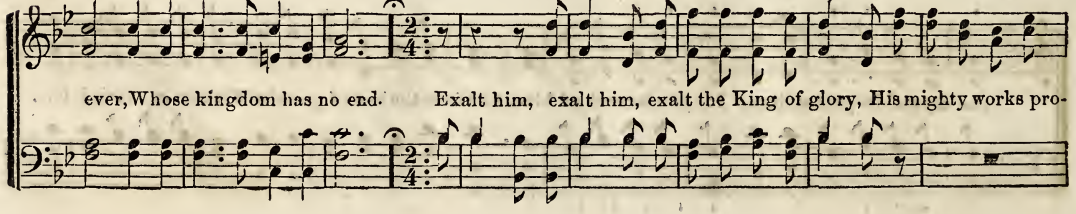




D. C. CHORUS. "*Exalt Him.*" *Choral style*



Original movement.



claim, His mighty works proclaim, Let ev'ry clime a- dore him, And bless his holy name, And bless, and

His might - y works proclaim, And bless,

bless, and bless his ho - ly name, And bless, and bless, and bless his ho-ly name,

and bless, and bless his ho - ly name, And bless his holy name, And bless, and bless, and bless his holy name,

ff

bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his ho - ly name...

ff

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

SONG WITH VOCAL OR CHORUS ACCOMPANIMENT. *

With earnest, tender expression. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;.....
2. Oth- er refuge have I none— Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;.....

1. Je - sus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;
2. Oth - er refuge have I none—Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my Saviour
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me; All my trust on Thee is

While the billows o'er me roll, While the tempest still is high, Hide me, O my
Leave, ah! leave me not alone, Still sup - port and comfort me; All my trust on

* This may be used occasionally with fine effect, by one Soprano singing the song—and all the Girls (and Boys whose voices have not changed,) singing the Alto while Base and Tenor sing their respective parts. Such pieces as the above, too difficult, it may be for general use, are intended for S. S. concerts and other public performances in which ample time for preparation is allowed. The accompanying parts should be sung in a soft, subdued tone of voice.

hide,..... Till the storm of life be past,..... Safe in-to the haven guide.....
stayed,.... All my help from Thee I bring—..... Cov-er my defenceless head.....

Saviour hide, Till the storm of life be past, Safe in - - to the haven guide;
Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring—Cov - er my defenceless head

Ritard.

O receive my soul at last. Safe into the haven guide,..... O receive my soul at last.
With the shadow of Thy wing. Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

O re-ceive my soul at last. Safe in - - to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.
With the sha-dow of Thy wing. Cov-er my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

THE BEATITUDES.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

To be read. "And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying:

Solo, or a few voices. All. All.

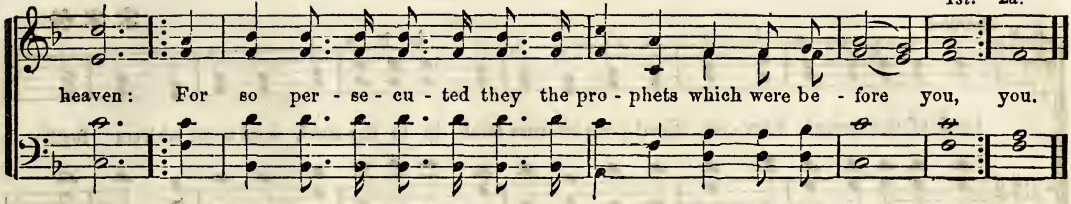
1. Blessed are the poor in spirit: For theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn:.... For
2. Blessed are the meek:..... For they shall inher - it the earth. (Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,...) For
3. Blessed are the merciful:..... For they shall obtain..... mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart,.... For
4. Blessed are the peacemakers: For (they shall be called the children of) God. (Blessed are they which are per - secuted for righteousness sake:..) For

All.

5. Blessed are ye when men shall re-vile you and per-se-cute you, And shall say all manner of evil against you

FULL CHORUS.—*Spirited.*

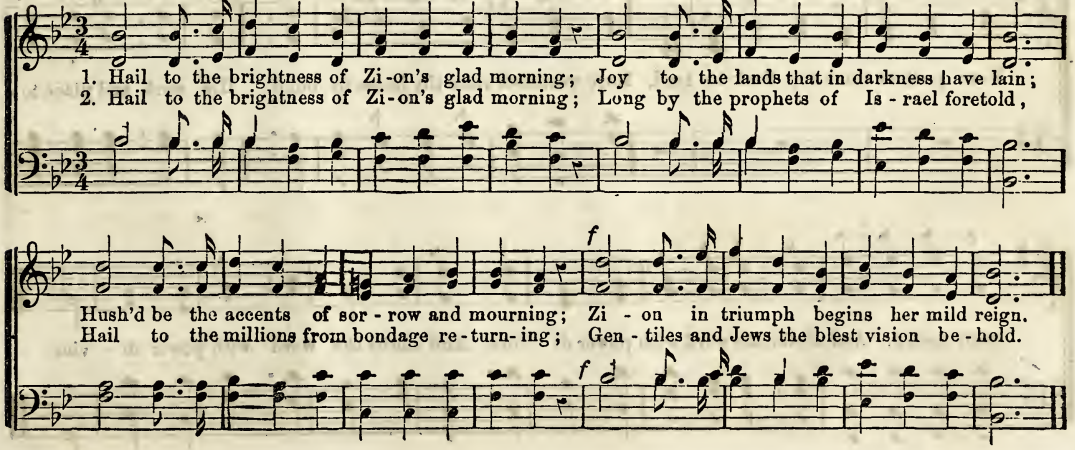
1. they shall be comfort - ed. Re - joice, and be ex - ceed - ing glad, For great is your reward in
2. they shall be.... filled.
3. they shall see.... God.
4. theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
5. false - ly for my.... sake.



HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Allegro—with animation.



THE GOSPEL HARVEST. Anthem.

* * *

Spirited.

Lord of the Gospel harv - est Send more lab'rers forth in - to thy field, send more lab'rers forth;

More pastors teach thy flock to tend, More workmen raise thy house to build, His work and place to

each assign, And clothe the word with power di - vine. And clothe the word with power di - vine.

Soft and gentle.

1. Dear mother,* don't think of me as in the tomb, For I shall not see its dark shadows and gloom,
And I shall not fear though the riv - er be wide, For Je - sus will
car - ry me ov - er the tide, For Je - sus will car - ry me ov - er the tide.

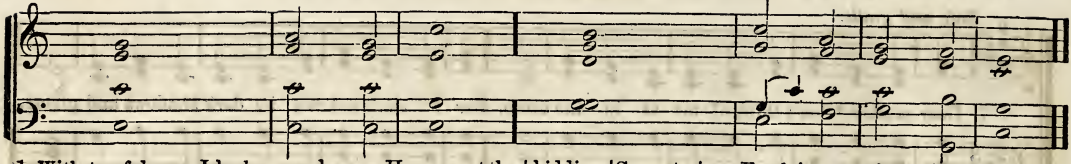
2 You'll know where to find me, dear mother, in heaven,
Though every fond tie you have cherished be riven,
You'll follow me home to the land of the blest,
Where sighs are not heard, and the weary ones rest.

3 I'm going to live with the angels so fair,
I'll look for you, mother, and wait for you there
Where tears do not flow, and where death cannot come,
Together we'll dwell in that beautiful home.

* Father, brother, or sister may be substituted when more appropriate.

COME UNTO ME. Chant. No. 1.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea:
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly | whisper, | Come to | me.

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my | soul may | flee;
Oh! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the | bidding, | Come to | me.

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, en- | joy, and | see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice | utters, | Come to | me.

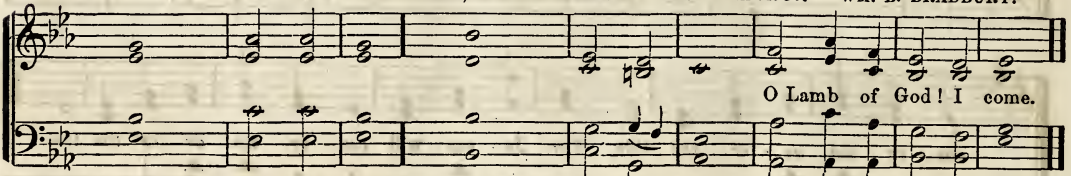
4 Come, for all else must fall and die,
Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy | portion, | Come to | me.

5 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently | whisper, | Come to | me.

CHANT. No. 2. "JUST AS I AM."

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was | shed for | me,
And that thou bid'st me | come to |
O Lamb of God, I come! [Thee!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse
each | spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, | many a |
doubt, [| out,'
'Fightings within, and | fears with-
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind,
Yes, all I need in | Thee to | find:
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- |
lieve;
Because thy promise, | I be- | lieve:
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine a- |
O Lamb of God, I come! [lone,

WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.* 1st RESPONSE. CHORUS.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er.

SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS.* 2nd RESPONSE. CHORUS. ALL.

2. O give thanks unto the God of gods; For his mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er. A - men.

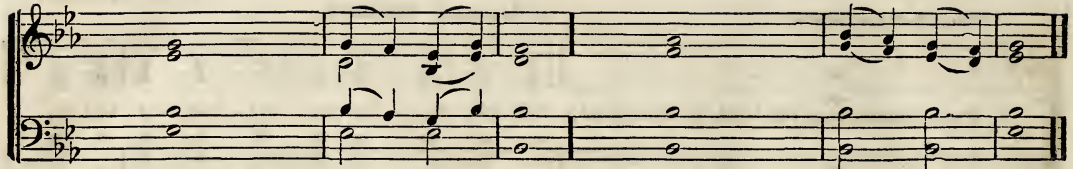
3. O give thanks unto the Lord of lords; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
4. To him who alone doeth great wonders; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
5. To him that by wisdom made the heavens; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
6. To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
7. To him that made great lights; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
8. The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
9. Who remembered us in our low estate; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
10. And hath remembered us from our enemies; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
11. Who giveth food to all flesh; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.
12. O give thanks unto the God of heaven; CHO. For his mercy endureth forever.

Amen.

* By teacher or teachers.—The responses by the scholars.

CHANT. No. 4.

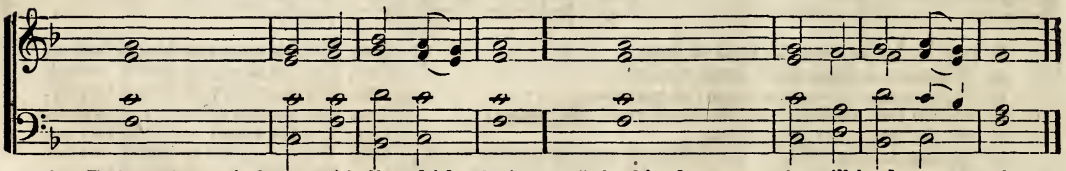
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and a- | bundant..in | mercy.||
2. He will not always chide; neither will He keep his | anger..for | ever;||
3. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to | our in- | iquities.||
4. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward | them that | fear Him.||
5. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He moved our trans- | gressions | from us.||
6. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth | them that | fear him.||
7. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that | we are | dust.||
8. He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that | we are | dust.||

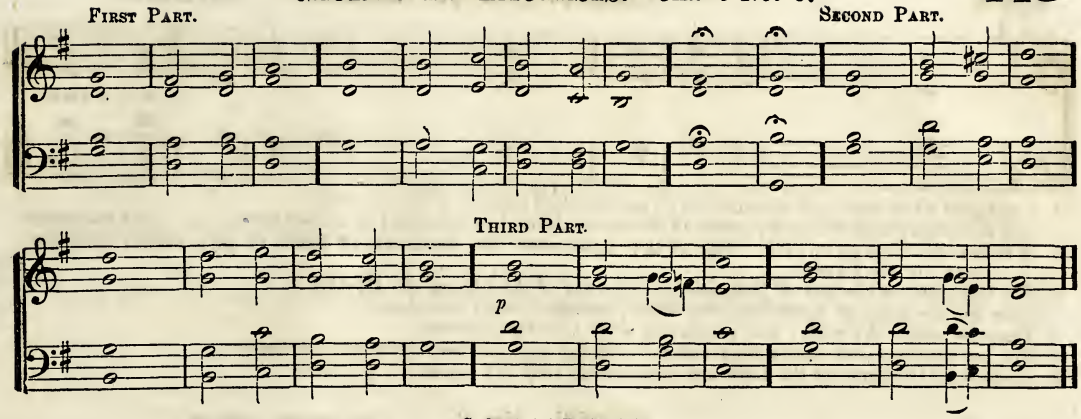
CHANT. No. 5. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.



1. Our Father.who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name;|| thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth,..as it | is in | heaven;
2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread;|| and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres..pass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;|| for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Chant No. 6.



GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

To the First Part of the Chant.

1 Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good || will towards | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee | for thy great—| glory.

To the Second Part.

3 O Lord God, | Heavenly | King. || God the | Father | Al-—| mighty!
4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Jesus | Christ, || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son..of the | Fa-—| ther!

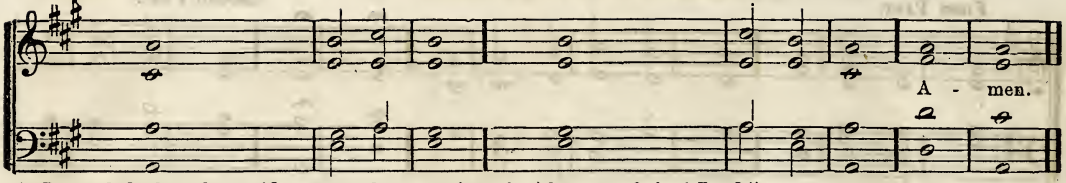
To the Third Part.

5 That takest away the | sins..of the | world, || have mercy up- | on—| us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, || have mercy up- | on—| us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins..of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy up- | on—| us.

To the First Part.

9 For thou only | art—| holy, || Thou | only | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory..of | God the | Father. || A-| men.

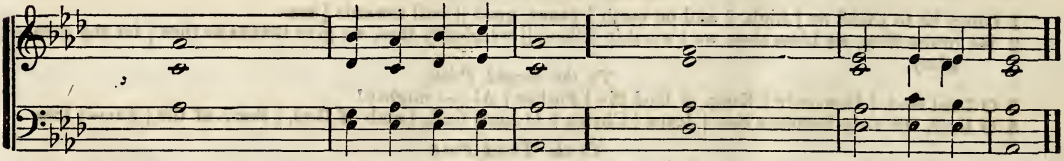
CHANT. No. 7. Psalm cxxii. DR. CLARKE.



1. I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the | house..of the | Lord.||
2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem is builded as a city that is com- | pact to- | gether.
3. Whither the tribes go up; the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name..of the | Lord.
4. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the | house of | David.
5. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall | prosper..that | love thee.||
6. Peace be within thy walls; and prosperity with- | in thy | palaces.
7. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, | Peace..be with- | in thee.||
8. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will | seek thy | good.|| A- | men.

CHANT. No. 8. "FATHER, I KNOW."

"Thy will be done." WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Father, I know thy ways are just, Al- | though to me un- | known;|| O, grant me grace thy love to trust, and cry, | "Thy will be | done"
2. If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path, Should | wealth and friends be | gone,|| Still, with a firm and lively faith, I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."
3. Although thy steps I cannot trace, Thy | sovereign right I'll | own;|| And, as instructed by thy grace, I'll cry, "Thy will be | done."
4. 'Tis sweet thus passively to lie Be- | fore thy gracious | throne, || Concerning every thing to cry "My Father's| will be | done."

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

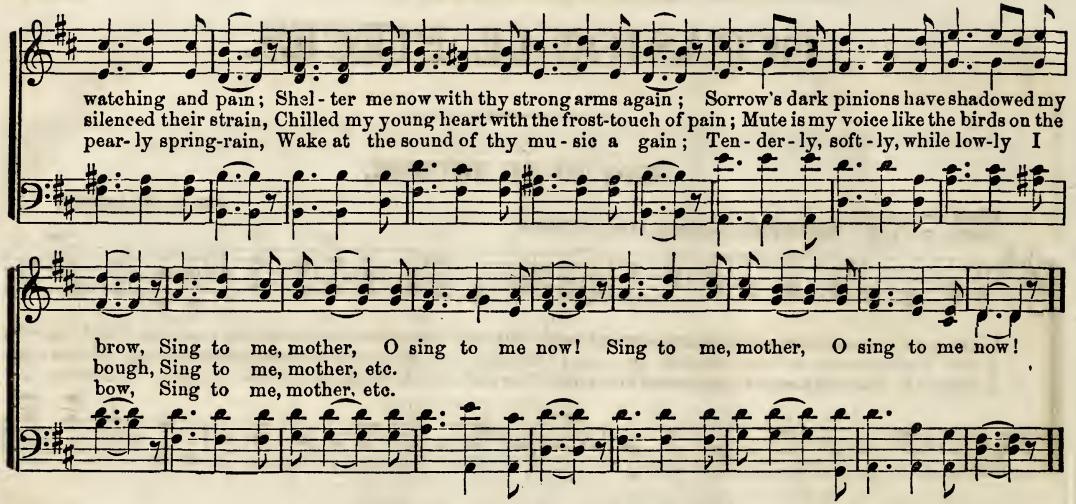
SING TO ME MOTHER.

Words by A. A. H. WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gentle and soft. May be sung as a Song, Duet or Chorus.

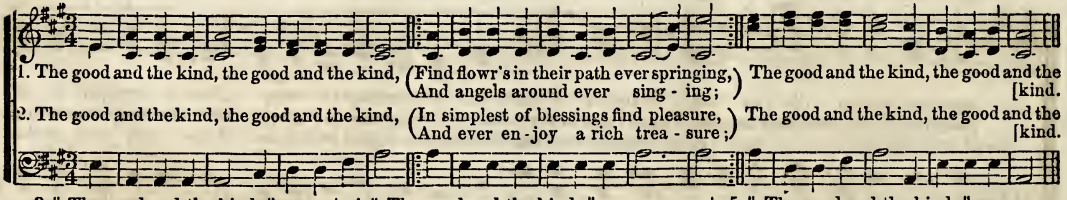
1. Sing to me, mother, oh! sing some sweet strain That each low cadence my heart will enchain; Soothing with mu-sics me-lo - di - ous flow, Murmurs of passion, or moanings of woe, Tired is my Spir - it of
2. Oft have our voic-es been blended in song; Oft have the night-winds our strains borne along; Oft have the morning-birds, warbling in glee, Tuned their sweet notes to our gay me - lo - dy; But the long win-ter that
3. Sing to me, mother, oh! sing some sweet strain Low and soft-thrilling, each tender re-frain: Something I loved, when in childoood's bright years, Sunshine and smiles were unmingled with tears. Mem-o-ries, pure as the

SING TO ME MOTHER. Concluded.



THE GOOD AND THE KIND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

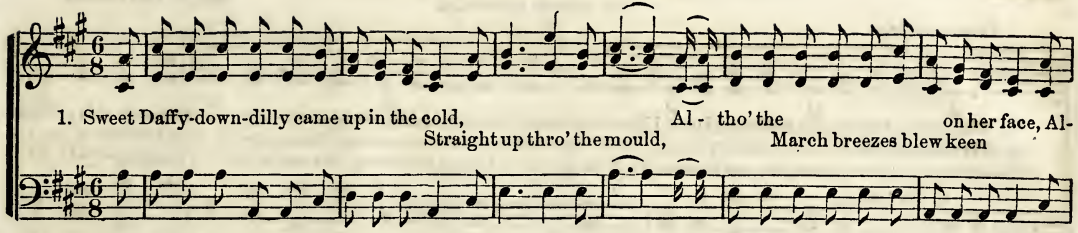


3 ‖: The good and the kind :‖
Rejoice in the sunshine of heaven,
And peacefully welcome the even;
‖: The good and the kind :‖

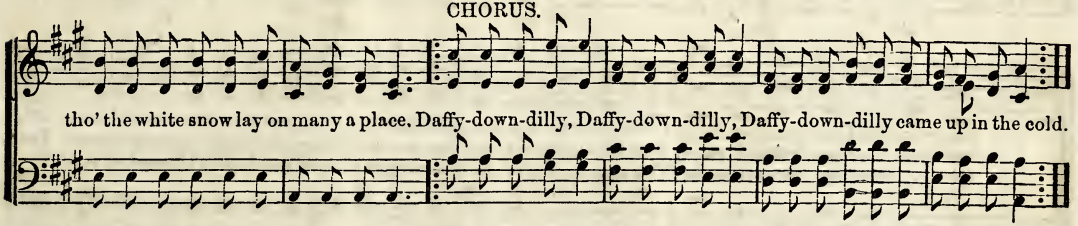
4 ‖: The good and the kind :‖
Are useful, and shrink not from labor,
To serve brother, kindred, or neighbor;
‖: The good and the kind :‖

5 ‖: The good and the kind :‖
By kindness their piety proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving,
‖: The good and the kind :‖

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.



CHORUS.



2 Fair Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of streams as they burst of their white winter-chains,
Of whistling spring-winds, and the pattering rains. *Cho.*

3 "And now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves thro' the hard-frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round. *Cho.*

4 With snow all about her; gray clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead,
The sun would not shine, and the ice would not melt,
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt! *Cho.*

5 "Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away:
"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half-inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green. *Cho.*

6 I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can;
It's well I began;
For if I can't manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead." *Cho.*

7 So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring-green and gold. *Cho.*

8 O Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true!
Would all were like you,
So ready for duty we still can behold
Your courage and beauty in spite of the cold. *Cho.*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE,

OR KRISS KRINGLE.

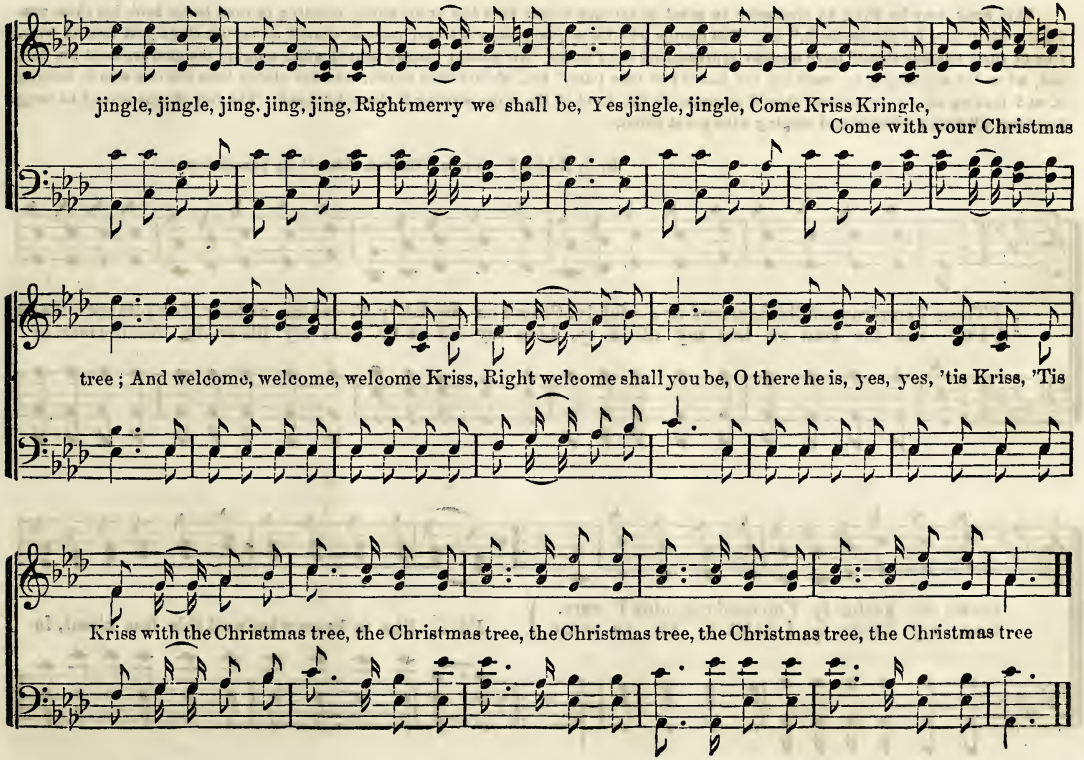
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Very sprightly.

1. Who comes this way so blithe and gay, Upon the merry Christmas day, So mer-ri - ly, so cheer-i - ly, With
2. His sleigh-bells ring with a merry ching, As off its reefs the reindeers spring, Gee up, gee ho, how swift they go, O-
3. With cakes and plums, trumpets and drums, And lots of pretty things he comes, So now be quick, your places take, And

his peaked hat and reindeer sleigh! With pretty toys for girls and boys, As pretty as you e'er did see; Oh,
ver the ice and drifts of snow, For he must call on one and all, His master's pretty pets you see; For
all a mer-ry cir-cle make: For now he's near, he'll soon appear, And we his jol-ly face shall see; Oh,

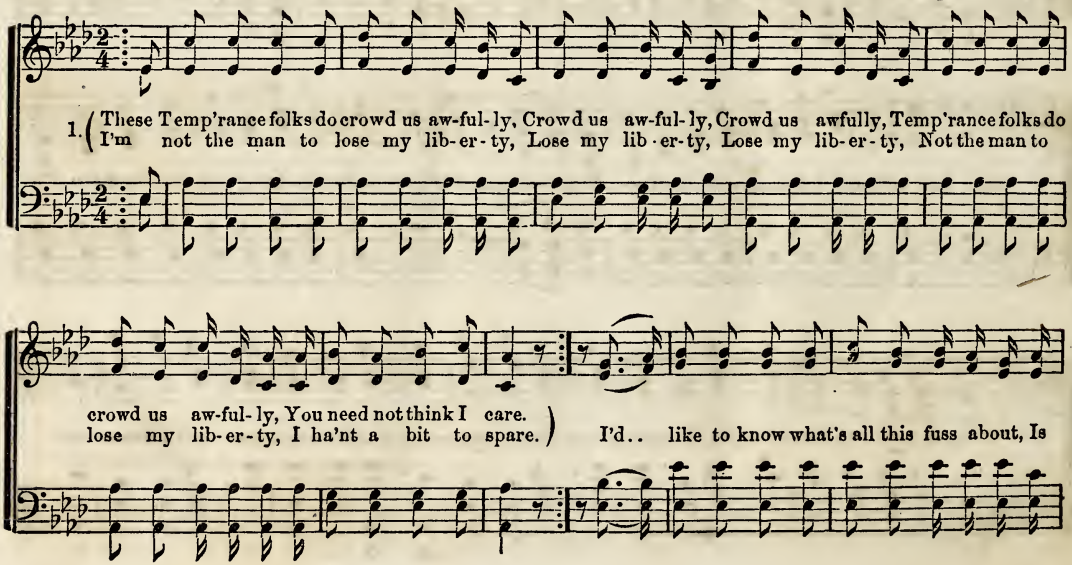
this is Santa Claus's man, Kriss Kringle with his Christmas tree. Oh ho, Oh ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Then
he is Santa Claus's man, Kriss Kringle, etc.
welcome Santa Claus's man, Kriss Kringle, etc.


jingle, jingle, jing. jing, jing, Right merry we shall be, Yes jingle, jingle, Come Kriss Kringle,
Come with your Christmas
tree ; And welcome, welcome, welcome Kriss, Right welcome shall you be, O there he is, yes, yes, 'tis Kriss, 'Tis
Kriss with the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree, the Christmas tree

CROWDING AWFULLY.

This song may be sung in character to great advantage either by a boy or an adult, pointing in turn to his boot, his shoe, producing his "once fat pocket-book," &c. The chorus whether a quartette or a larger number should sit on the stage just behind him. One of their number should have a paper representing the Pledge. All should remain seated while singing the chorus, until the last one, when the solo singer on reaching the line "you may pass," &c., should turn round, take the pledge from the one who is holding it, and leading off on the chorus should advance to the front of the stage waving it above his head. The last chorus should be sung standing, all rising quickly and singing with great spirit.

B. R. HANBY From "CHAPEL GEMS," by permission



CHORUS.

something smashing through? I wonder what they'll do!
They hold their meetings round eternally, Then forward boys, hur-

rah! We'll join the glorious fray, We'll hoist our flag and on to vic-to-ry, The Right shall gain the day.

2 They stick the pledge these blue teetotalers,
Blue teetotalers, blue teetotalers,
Stick the pledge, these blue teetotalers,
Beneath each ruby nose.
They talk of woe and want and poverty
Want and poverty, want and poverty.
Talk of woe and want and poverty.
There's truth in that I s'pose.
My coat, I know, is rather seedy,
And my pants are tatter'd too.
My right foot goes but poorly booted,
And the left one wears a shoe.
CHO.—Then forward, etc.

3 I wish these chaps would cease to pity me,
Cease to pity me, cease to pity me,
Wish these chaps would cease to pity me,
I'm not yet quite bereft.
Though come to search my once fat pocket book,
Once fat pocket book, once fat pocket book,
Come to search my once fat pocket book,
There's nary six-pence left.
There's a wife down town would smile like Venus,
If I'd sign the pledge this day;
There's a bright hair'd child would jump and caper,
You may pass the pledge this way!
CHO.—Then forward, etc.

 WORDS BY F.

FESTIVE SONG.

1. Come, join our choral number, Our merry, merry lay,.. While pleasure like a fai - ry Now
2. O hap-py golden moments, We hail them with de - light, While ev - ry heart re - joi - ces, And
3. Yet, while our strains of mu - sic, In tuneful echoes fall, Oh, let us each re - member, The

SINGLE VOICE. SOPRANO.

trips a- long our way, She brings a festive garland From hope's enchanted bowers, A wreath of smiling
ev - 'ry eye is bright; The bird that wakes the greenwood, The breeze that fans the lea, The brooklet in the
Lord, the source of all; Who crowns with joy and comfort Our youthful days be - low, And tells us of a

SINGLE VOICE. ALTO. ALL.

ro - ses, A wreath of smiling ro - ses, A wreath of smiling ro - ses, Impearled with summer showers.
meadow, The brooklet in the meadow, The brooklet in the meadow, Are not more glad than we.
country, And tells us of a country, And tells us of a country, Where pur-er blessings flow.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp*—GIRLS ONLY.

Singing, singing, mer - ri - ly, All u - ni - ted joy - ful, joy - ful, Mingle our festive song.

WORDS BY WM. OLAND BOURNE. **NEVER SAY "I CAN'T."** WM. B. BRADBURY.

SOLO OR CHORUS. 1ST SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Nev- er say, "I can't," my friend, Nev- er say it, [INST. or ECHO.] When such words as those I hear,
2. Boys and girls that nimbly play, Nev- er say it, They can jump and run a - way.

2D SEMI-CHORUS. ALL.

From the lips of boy or girl, Oft they make me doubt and fear. Nev - er say it. [INST. or ECHO.]
Skip, and toss, and play their pranks; Even dull ones, when they're gay, Never say it.

3 Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.
Find some one who knows, and ask,
Till you have your lessons learned;
Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.

4 Men who do the noblest deeds
Never say it.
He who lacks the strength he needs
Tries his best and gets it soon,
And at length he well succeeds
Never say it.

5 But when evil tempts to wrong,
Always say it.
In your virtue firm and strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight;
And when follies round you throng,
Ever say it.

OUR DARLING ONE.

SONG AND QUARTETTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

☞ Often in the family, a gentle, pure song with Piano-forte or Melodeon accompaniment is wanted to vary the exercises of chorus singing. Such songs, with unexceptional sentiment, are not always at hand. We insert "Our Darling One," among the "occasionals," as a specimen of this class of HOME SONGS. Its sentiment will be found pure, and its influence good.

Moderato.

1. Where the i - vy vines are creeping, And the love - ly vio - lets blow; Where the gol - den
2. Where the wood-nymphs softly wan der Through the shades of glow-ing trees, In a val - ley
3. But where angels tune their voices, To the prais - es of the Lamb, And the saint - ed

Piano Forte or Melodeon.

wil - low, weeping Points the road we all must go: Where the birds are sweet - ly sing - ing,
o - ver yon-der, Where there blows the gen - tle breeze; Still the brooklet mur-murs light - ly,
soul re - joic - es In the glo - ry of his name; In the realm of heavenly plea - sure,

rallentando. *tempo.*

And the evening zephyrs play, Where the bells at eve are ringing, There our darling one we laid.
By the willows drooping shade, And the angels hov - er night-ly Where our darling one is laid.
Where the ro - ses ne'er de - cay, We shall find our dar - ling treasure In a world of endless day.

QUARTETTE OR CHORUS.

Ritard.

SOPRANO
ALTO

Where the bells at eve are ring - ing, There our dar - ling, There our darling one we laid.

TENOR

And the an - gels ho - ver night-ly, Where our dar - ling, Where our darling one is laid.

BASS

We shall find our dar - ling trea -sure, In that bright - er, Brighter world of endless day.

Words by Wm. ROSS WALLACE, dedicated to the Author of FRESH LAURELS, for the Sabbath School.

1. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, Thus breath'd by the East, on the hearts of the West;
2. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, By the earth-pilgrim sung as he longs for his rest;
3. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, Breathing hope to the spir-it, and balm to the blest;
4. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, We are but earth-pilgrims here, longing for rest;
5. O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest, Thus breath'd by the East, on the hearts of the West;

How your music sweeps o'er us like perfume from flowers, He, wet with his blood in Gethsemane's bowers.
How ye tell that all sorrows, all troubles shall cease, On the shore where the Lamb to his loved ones gives peace.
Still around us your Pa-ra-dise—mu-sic shall roll, Still whisper of Christ to each sin-la-den soul!
Dear fathers, dear mothers, all households that long For the smile of the Lord, and the glorified's song!
In your sweet music swell-ing from Cal-va-ry's sod, We have mercy and Pa-ra-dise promised by God!

FULL CHORUS.

O songs of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest.

QUARTETTE—*Light.*

O songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the beau-ti-ful, Songs of the beau-ti-ful, songs of the blest.

WAYLAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. For a season call'd to part, Let us now ourselves commend To the gracious eye and heart, Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer:
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
Till we meet on earth again.

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